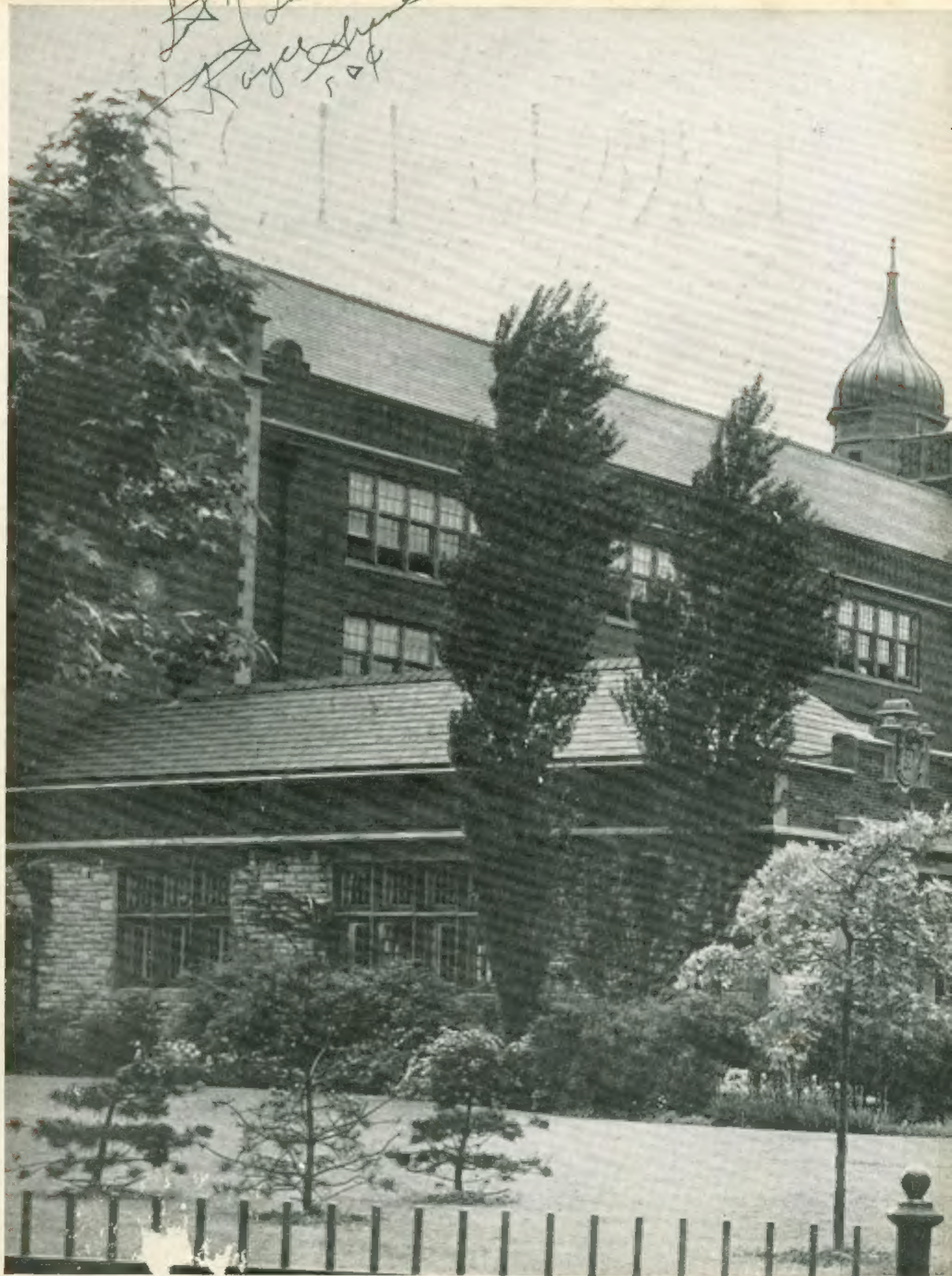


St. Luke
Koycegama
504



Best of Luck
George
Gieseler

For a small find,
Marilyn Ealen

Best of Luck
a swell girl
Terry Lamson

Best wishes
to a small girl
for a fine

Best of luck
always
Lily

Best of Luck
always
Mary



Lots of Love
to a "little" Doll
who I hope will
always be my friend.
May you have everything
your heart desires.

Love & Kisses

Dor (Crabby)

P. S. You have a very pretty
voice too. And I mean
that.

To a very cute (but short) girl,
as always
many allon

To a very ugly girl
as always
your sister in law



1951 BWANA



MY BOOK



Administration 5

Seniors 13

New Seniors 31

Organizations 55

Sports 87

Side Glances 123

The division pages in the book and some of the decorations were done by the art department.

To all—teachers and pupils—who in any way assisted in the preparation of the 1951 *Bwana*, we give sincere thanks, especially to Mr. Kammerer, who generously shared his pictures with us.

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Assistant Principal



MISS ANNABEL REMNITZ
Assistant Principal

In Memoriam

During her years of teaching, Miss Margaret C. Dockery, whose recent death we are mourning, had a great and happy influence on her pupils, for she was devoted to her classes and to the College Club of which she was moderator during its long existence.

Her kindness, her happy wit, her joy in her work are qualities which we shall remember whenever we think of our friend, Margaret C. Dockery.

ROOSEVELT MAYORS

Fall, 1950
DON MUELLER



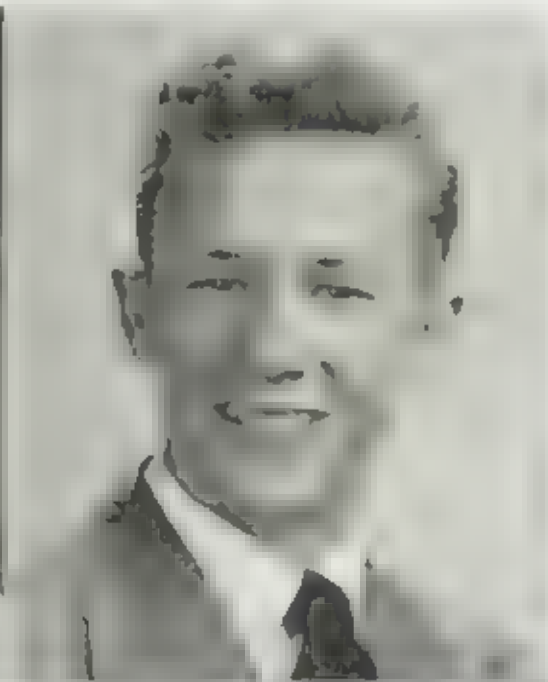
Spring, 1950
JOE CHIECSEK

BWANA EDITORS

Spring, 1950

DOROTHY SHAW

JACK WELCH



Fall

CARL BOSSERT

MARILYN HODGE



January, 1951
SENIORS

EIGHTS

January, 1951

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Larry Link

Secretary:

Agnes Schmalz

Treasurer:

Richard Eggerding

Sergeant-at-Arms:

Thomas E. O'Driscoll



January '51

RAKEY DONALD J

Football 49-50
Baseball 50-51
President
Editor of
Letterman's Club 49-50



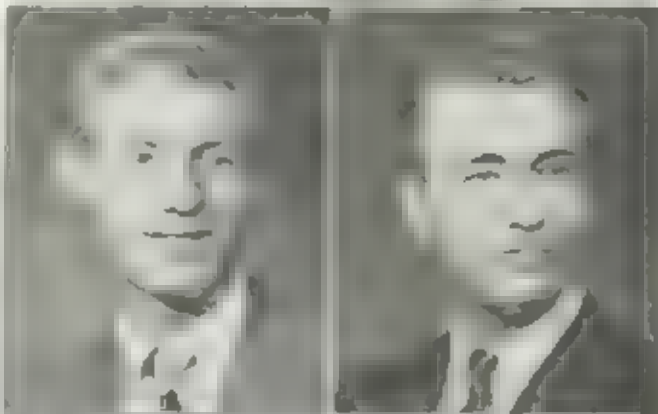
LINK LARRY

Track 48-49-50
Apprentice
Letterman's Club
Vice President of High



SCHMALZ AGNES

Secretary of High
Secretary of Pop R
Student Council
Rough Rider Staff
College Club



LEWIS RICHARD

Treasurer of High
Appella Choir Op
Mary. 49
Roadman 50



O DRISCOLL THOMAS E

Football 48-49
Baseball 49-50
President
Editor of
Letterman's Club



ADAMS DON

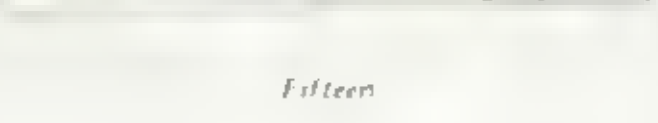
ADAMS RUSSELL LORIS

Football
Baseball



ADOLF GEORGE A

Mayor
President of High



ANDERSON EUDORA

Football 48-49
Baseball 49-50
President
Editor of
Letterman's Club



ANDREWS GEORGE WILLIAM

Rough Rider Staff 50
Football Club



ARNZEN BETTY ANN

St. Margaret's High School
Basketball
Football



BACHMAN KATHERN ROSE

Football Club 48-49



Bwana

BADLER JOAN



BAHR, WILLIAM



BARNES LAM

Homecoming Club



BECKLEY, THOMAS



BEQUITH, JAMES



BEYERNDORFER
SHIRLEY

Duplicating Service



BIDDICK
ELIZABETH



BIDNER SUELLA



BLAKER KENNY



BOGLANOVICH RANKA

at Council

BOSSERT, CARL

January '51

BOLL, MARLENE HELEN
Sharing, 4



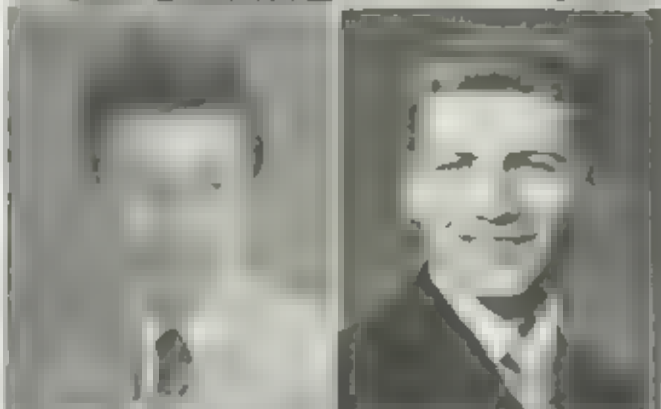
BOMMAR TO ANGELA

BRAM, ANDREW



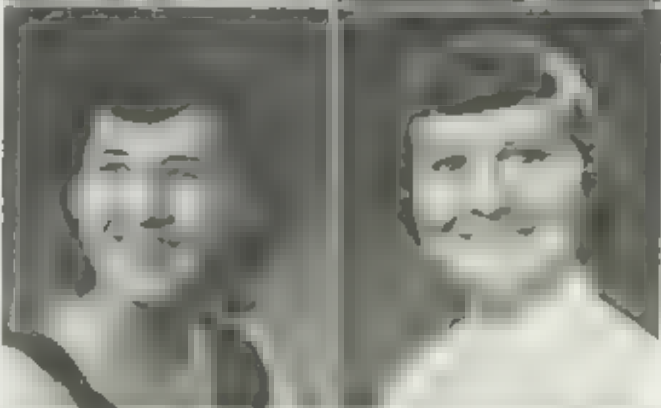
BROWN LOIS

BRIGGS, LEMON



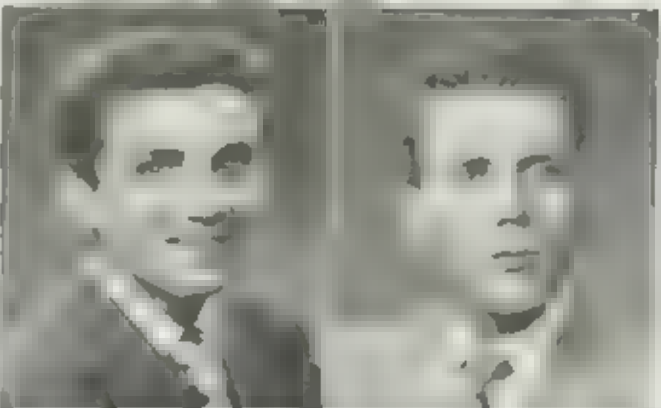
BROADWATER
ARTHUR N
Team 48 49 50

BURKE, GERALDIN



BUTLER DOROTHY

BUTLER ROBERT



CAIVERT DIAN

CAPEHART, WILLIAM D



COBB, QUITTA

Bwana

COTE RUTH



CONLEY CLARENCE



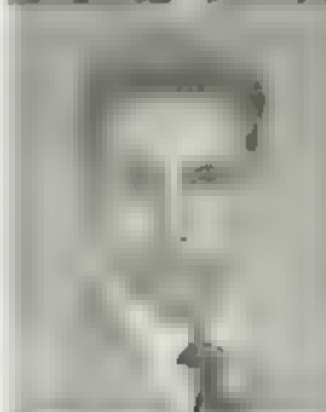
CURRAN DONALD



DAVIS HELEN



DEBLAZE VINCENT



DECKER CLYDE W



DERINGTON ELMER G
Fresh 49 5



DEWITT BURNEM



DLY ROSEMARY



DICK JOHN



DOBINS MERILYN



DORRIS JOAN



January '51

DRABB GEORGE



DUBAN JOANN

Varsity 10 '48



EARTHALL IRENE M



EATON DOROTHY

10 '51



FENNER MARY

Varsity Sports Coat



FERRUGLAK DONALD

Varsity
March



FELDER BOBBIE JEAN

Scholarship R. 41
Freshman Dancing
A Cappella



FOLLMER JOHN A

Varsity Bowling Club '49 '51



GARNER, CHARLOTTE M

Shooting 47, '48
Varsity 47
Varsity Club '47 '48



GONZALEZ ALFRE

Harvard Book P



Bwana

GREENE NANCY
Vespers 48-49



GROSS PAT

HACHTEL DONALD



HAIL RICHARD

Editorial Staff
Chess Club 48

HARGROVE JANE L
48-49-50



HAUSER
JACQUELINE CAROL

HEAL MARALYN
Pin
in
U.S.A.



HILLYARD
MARION LOUISE

HOLMES DONALD



HOLMES DONALD

Editorial Staff 48
Fourth Honor Choir '47-48

HUBERT R. HILL

Scholarship Pin 48
Lunch Rider Staff 49-50
Chess Club 48



HOLMES DONALD

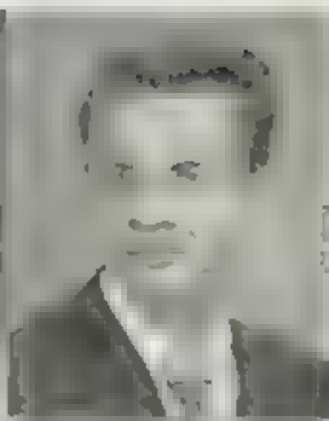
Aeronautics Club 48-49

January '51

INGALLS, JAMES
in 4 48 49 50,
Captain '49
Football 49 50



JENSEN, MILTON LEROY
Fourth Hour Choir 4



KARL, NORMAN
of Orchestra 48, 49
of Band 47 49



KENICH, ALLEN



KIMBERLIN, NEDRA JOAN
Skating Club 47



KLEIN, ROBERT
MEMBER N. H. S. 1



KNUDSEN, JAMES
Place Captain 1



KOHL, VIRGINIA MAE
N



KUTER, DONALD



KYLE, JOYCE M



LARUSSA, ANNA L
19, 50



LAY, BONNIE L



Bwana

LAZANAS, GEORGINA

Leader 48, 49, 51



LEBECUE, FLOYD E

Senior Band 47, 48, 49, 51



LEMAIRE, JEANNE

A. A. President, 49, 51

51

Swimming Club, 48, 49, 50

Basketball, Softball 48, 49

Scholarship Rec 48



LIBBERT, LORAN K

LIGGETT, SHIRLEY

Fourth Honor Club

Leaders

Swimming Club



LUTTECKI, HANNELENE

Student Council, 48, 49, 51



LUTT, CAROL ANN

Rider Staff 50

Swimming Club 48, 49

Scholarship Rec 48



MACDOUGALL, JOAN

Club



MARTENS, LEO JAMES

Swimming Club

Leaders



MARTENS, JEANETTE

Swimming Club, 47, 48

Swimming Club 48

Softball 48

B. Rec



MARTENS, WILLIAM

Swimming Club

Leaders

Scholarship Rec 48



MASSIE, MARY LOUISE

Swimming Club



January '51

MATTHEWS, RI



MAURER, RAY

MAVROMATIS, DESSIE



MCBRIDE, MILTON

MCCLURE, GUY



MCLEROY, DOROTHY
to Adm.

MEISTER, MARILYN



MERRITT, BILL

MILLER, KARI



MODGLIN, LAWRENCE A

MOONEY, BEVERLY JUNE



MURPHY, CAROL

Bwana

MOREFIELD LORRAINE



MYERS MARJORIE J
Club 48 49 50



MYERS ROBERT L



NEEDHAM LYL



OSMON FRED



PALECK CAROL



PETER ROY N
A Cappella 48 49 50
Small Ensemble 47 48 50
Singing Principal - Recorder



PHILLAN DONALD R
Chess Club 47 48



PIERCE SHIRLEY



PIERCE SHIRLEY



PRIDE MARILYN
49



QUEENSEN LOUIS
Singing



January '51

REBE, ARTHUR



REHINI, MARGARETT

Student Council 49-50
Scholarship P'n
Service P'n

RICE, BEVERLY ANN

Knights River Star
Pen R
Peppertee

Senior Aud C. 49-50



RICHIER, LIVERA

Girls Bowling 49
Fourth Hour Choir 48-49
Art Club

RIMMEL, BETTY

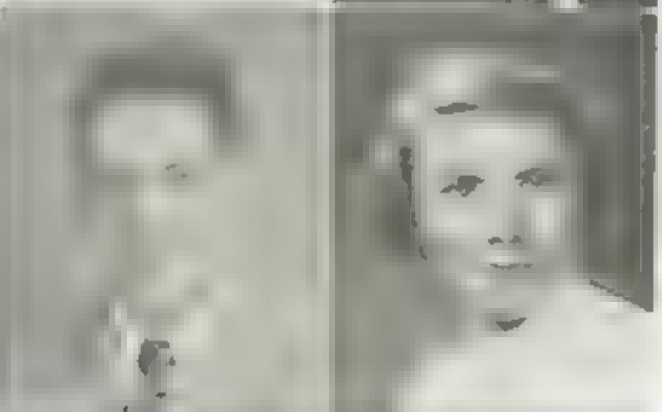
College Club 48-49
A Cappella Choir 48-49
Art Club 49



ROBINSON, JACK

Senior Band
Knights R. 49
A Cappella

RODERIQUE
GEO. PH. ARLEN



RUDOKAS, VAUGHN

Swimming Club President '49
48-49-50
Student 48-49
C. A. A. Secretary 49

SAUSSELE, CHARLES

Senior Band
Senior Orchestra
Tennis Team 48-49
Boys' Night
Scholarship R



SCHALFNER, NORMA

Service
Senior Social Committee

SCHIRMANN, MARYLYN



SCHMIDDEKE, EDWARD

Bwana

SCHUBERT CLARENCE



SCRUGAS DONALD LEE
Track 48-4



SEPER, MARGARET ROSE



SEVERIN, ESTHER A
Swimming 1
Vice President G. A. A. 4



SHARP, JO ANN

Swimming Club 47, 4
Volley 48, 48
Pebbles 47



SHAW DOROTHY

Track & Field Maid 3
Dance

Scholarship 1st



SHERMER PHYLLIS

Cap 4
Bwana Staff
Scholarship 1



SHORT PATRICIA G.

Swimming Club 48-49-49
Pop R. 47, 48, 49, 50
Cap 48, 49, 50



SINAMON EILEEN



SLOBODIAN, ELIZABETH



SMITH SHIRLEY I



SNOOKS MARJORIE J



January '51

SPANN GERALD
Senior Band 43-44
V.V.



SPINNER JERRY

STEPHENS PATRICIA
Scholarship Per
Service Per
G. A. A.



STEWART ANITA LEE

STEWART JOHN



STRAUSER NEIL

STRUPLER PATRICIA
Cappella Choir 48-49



SWAN IRENE LOUISE
Senior Counselor 49
Mash and Bushin Vice-1
49
Swimming Club 49, 50
Scholarship R
Service J

SWANSON BERT
V.V.



TAYLOR MARY LOU
Sports Club 47-48

THORPE JIM



THORPE JIM

Bwana

FORBES EVELYN M



TUPPER LILDA



UZZO A. RUTH



VACCHIN
WILLIAM RAYMOND



VENIO VINCENT



WALSH



WHITE
HENRY RICHARD, JR
Football 48 49 50



WHITE, ROSE MARIE
Projection 48 49



WHITNEY
MARGARET ANN
A Cannella 47 48 49 '51



WICKMANN, MOLLY ANN
Service Pin 50



WISSEMAN
WALTER EDWARD



January '51

WICKER JUNE MARCO

Fastpitch 40
Swimming Club '40
Tennis Club '40
Roller Skating 4
Varsity Sports 4



WILD HADLEY E

WINCMAN
PATRICIA ANN



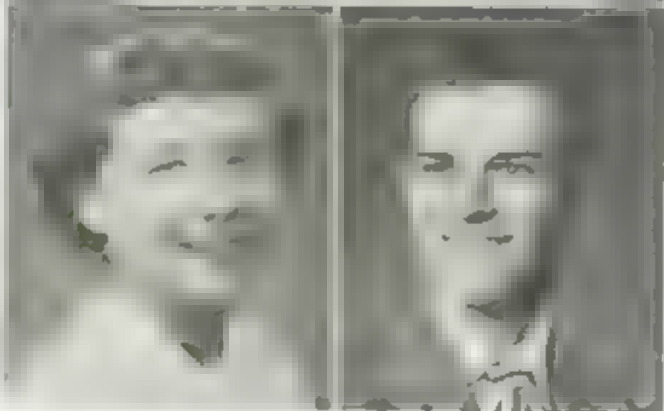
ZAGER JUDITH ELLEN

Varsity Rider Skat

Roller Skating 4

ZECHER BETTE J

Fastpitch 47 48 49 50
Service R. 48 5



ZOBRIEST GEORGE

BLANS WENDELL O

Student Council 4
Baseball 43

KATZ PAUL J. JR

PAPPAS JAMES

BLAKE TERRY

KLEIN EDWIN

SANSEEN ROBERT

CASTLEBERRY GWEN

LEONARD DON

SCHREIBER
RICHARD JAMES

DASBACH LEONARD W

LORCH
MARGARET ROSE

SHAFER STANLEY

DREIBUS DOROTHY

MYERS FRANK MAX
Bon

SPICER DONALD

FLYNN ALFRED

Varsity Rider

NORD DON

STAN PAUL

GROHMANN ELMER

Varsity Team 48 49 50
48 4

OTTOMIER RICHARD

WHITE TED

WILLEY RICHARD P

YOUR BWANA

Here it is, your yearbook, your *Bwana*. You race through it now, searching for the pictures of yourself and your friends, eagerly turning the fresh pages that send out a faint odor of printer's ink. Your first thought is to make your *Bwana* all your own, something living and personal, by cramming it with written remembrances of your friends. And, before the day is over, the smooth white pages are covered with scrawling signatures, wise cracks, words of friendship, "x's", and arrows.

For a week, the halls are filled with clusters of friends frantically exchanging *Bwanas*. They linger there until the moment before the bell rings, scrambling through the pile to dig out their own.

"Who has my *Bwana*? Quick!"

"Don't go until you sign mine."

"Please, me next."

"Oh, here it is, I think. No, it's yours."

"I gave it to Susan."

"Here it is, on the bottom. Look, you signed it twice."

Crouching in the corridors, huddled halfway into a locker, people are signing *Bwanas* everywhere. You are one of them until the fatal bell rings, and you slide into your class.

A lull comes; you are alone with your *Bwana*. You turn the pages slowly, musing over the things you missed in your initial hasty examination, deciphering the inscriptions left by your friends. Here you frown slightly as you try to imagine who belongs to the unfamiliar name, there you smile as you find something written in two tones of ink. (Why is it that pens always go dry when you have written half of your name?) You look over the club pictures, the snapshots. ("Why, who took that of me?") The articles, essays, and the calendar all claim your attention in turn, but it is the scribbles and the scrawls that please you most, for they represent your friends.

Perhaps you are a freshman, and this is your first *Bwana*. You carefully count the signatures of your senior acquaintances, prizing every one. You even have the Mayor's. You were scared stiff to ask, but when you finally sought him out and gathered up courage to ask, you were surprised at his friendliness.

Or maybe this is your last *Bwana*, because now you are a Senior. It's hard to realize—"Me, a senior!"—but there is your picture, your name. It must be so. The sudden thought that this is your last year makes you feel a little sad. It seems too soon to leave these friends, these good times.

Your thoughts turn back to the open *Bwana* lying before you, already bringing delightful memories. Then you realize that you are not really leaving your friends and good times, for all these are waiting at your fingertips between the covers of this, your *Bwana*.

CHARLOTTE BUSSE





June, 1951 SENIORS

Photo by

SEVENS

June, 1951

President:	Joe Chiecsek
Vice-President:	Frank Fuca
Secretary:	Lovette Hug
Treasurer:	Janet Ullrich
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Charles Raich
Sponsor:	Mr. Griggs



June '51

CHECSEK JOE

Mayor 50 Spring
Football 49-50
Basketball 49-50
Baseball 51
President of Seniors



LUCA FRANK

Football 49-50
Rough Rider Staff 40
Student Council
Tech Committee
President of Seniors

HUG LOVETTI

Secretary of Seniors
Rough Rider
Golf Club
Shooting Club



ULRICH JANI

Student Council
Pop R 48-49-50
Scholarship Pin
Treasurer of Seniors
Treasurer of Seniors

ABERNATHY DIANA LOUISE

of Council 49-50
Ship Pin 50
Service Pin 51
C.A.A. 48-49-50



AGNE ROBERT J



MIRENS JO ANN

ALBRECHT MARION

Scholarship Pin



ARRENDELL L. JOAN ANN

C.A.A.
Club

ATKINSON BOB

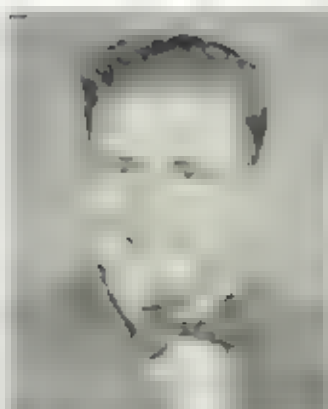


ATKINSON TOM

Handwritten notes:
Let me
know if you
want to
be on
the
board
of the
club.
Thank you
very much
for
your
help.

Bwana

ANDRESEN ROBERT



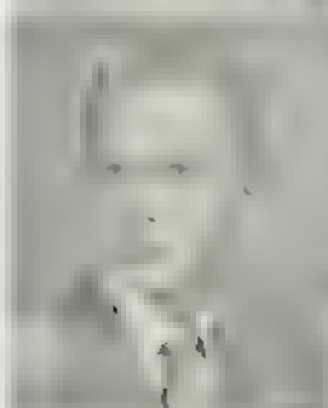
ANTHELM
JUNE SHIRLEY
Club 48, 49
Nat. Sports Club 48, 49
Bwana Staff 50
Secretary to Advisor 40

AYRLS SALLY ANN



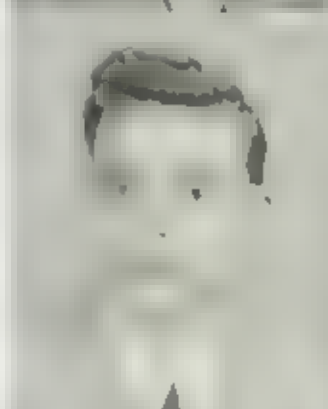
AVAZIAN, BETTY
Swimming Club
Fopette
Pop R

BAULMAN, THOMAS
Swimming Team, 49, 50, 51
A Cappella 48, 49, 50, 51
Student Council 50
Play State '5
Vernacular Club Vice Pres
4ent 49, 51



CONSTANCE LOUISE
Type and Duplicating Service

BEERS RALPH
Bowling Club 49, 50
Camera Club, Treasurer 48
Chess Club 47



BELCOLORE LOUIS
Director 48, 49, 50
Bowling 51
Service R
Service Pin

BENJAMIN RICHARD
Football Team 51
Bowling Club 49, 50
4ent 49
Vernacular Club 48



BENZ BEN
Bowling Club

BLACKWELL, BOYD ALAN



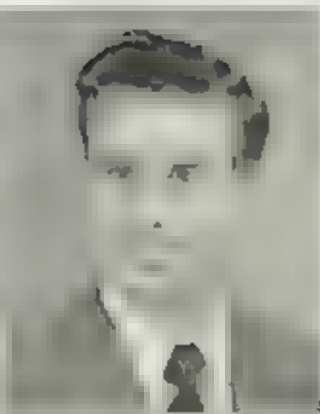
BLATT, MARILYN
Service R
Bowling Club
4ent 49
Advisor's Secretary 48

June '51

BOECHER
MARY MARGARET
Carol Club '49



BOMI CARL
Protection '47 '48 '49 '50



BOSHKOFF BARBARA
A Cappella '49 '50
Rowing '50 '51



BOLICH BETTY
Scholarship R '48 '49



BRAUN ELIZABETH
A Cappella '47 '48 '49
Small Ensemble '49



BRINKMEIER, JOAN



BRUNS, NANCY HARRIET
Badminton Club
G. A. A.
Volley Ball
Freshman Dance Class



BUCHSCHACHER JOHN



BUSSE, CHARLOTTE
Student Council
Swana Staff
Rough Rider Staff
Scholarship Pse
Camp Minnawanka Scholarship



BYINGTON SHIRLEY
C. K. Hall '48 '49 '50



BYRNE PATRICIA VERNA
Senior Orchestra '4
Service '4
Ice Skating Club '4



CAMPBELL PAT
Fourth Hour Choir '49 '50



Bwana

CARMODY, TERRY

CARROLL, KENNETH
Track '89-9
Base '87-88 '89-9
Small Ensemble '88

CERPIOT, CAROL

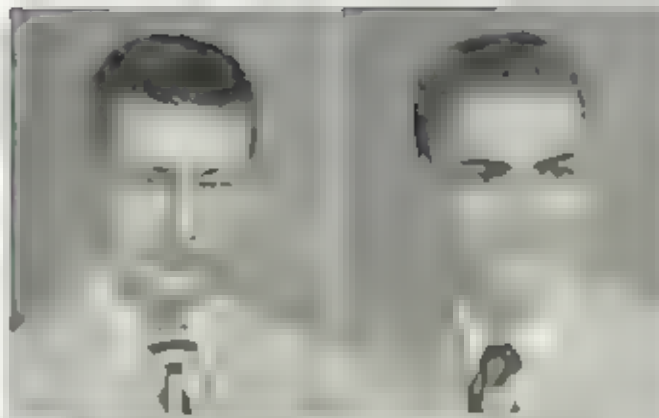
CHAPMAN, NORMA J

Chapella '88-89 '90-91
Ensemble '88-89

COUGHLIN, JOYCE
Honor Choir '88-89

CORDIA, FRIEDA

Chorus '88-89
Club '88-89 '89-90



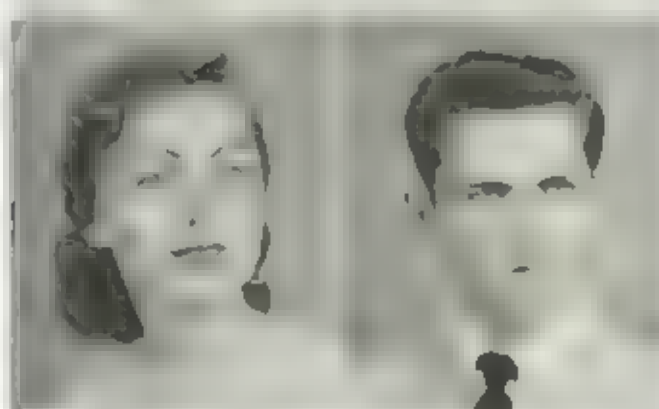
CARROLL, JOHN
Service '88-89 '90-91
B Team Basketball '88-89 '90-91



CAVAGNARO, FRANK
Base '88-89



CORMAN, MARY JO
Service '88-89
Pep R.
Football '88-89



CHARLES, ROBERT G



CORDA, FRED
Track and Field
Base '88-89



CRESSLER, GEORGE

June '51

CRITCHFIELD
GERALDINE
*Ladpoles
Loughborough Club '48*



CUMMINGS CLARA



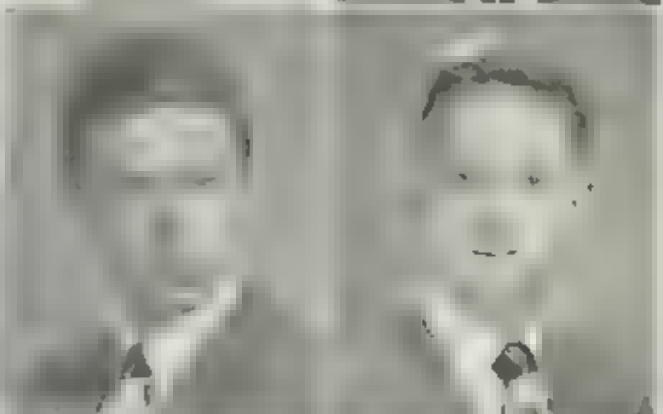
DAL GRETA

DALTON LARRY



DANIELS LOU
*College Club '47, '48
G. A. A.
Fourth Hour Club
Ladpoles*

DAVIDSON RAYMOND



DEEREN JOE

DEES WILLIAM
*May State '46
Track 48 49 50
Cappella Choir 47 48 49
Principal Operetta
May '49
Line Mar*



DE MOTT MARY

DIXON JAMES



DOTSON G DALL

DUBHARDT DICK
*Student Council 48 49 50
Aeronautics Club*

Bwana

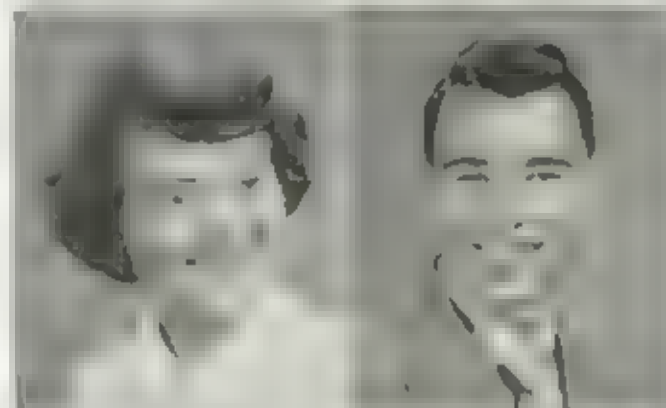
EDWARDS SILVIA ANN



EDLMANN, RUTH
Valedictorian
Homecoming Queen
Pep R
Scholarship R

EMERY ANN

Scholarship R
& Cappella
Senior Picture Committee
President 48-49



EDLER GEORGE

EARLEY CHRISTINE

Secretary to Adviser
in Charge 47-48-49

Beta
Service



FARMER, LUGENE

Senior
Club 47



FEHR CHARLES

Track 47-48-49

FALKNER JANE



FLOOD MARY

FNAZZO JUANITA



FOTENOS JAMES

FLOWER WILLIAM

Vice President 48-49
Track 48

June '51

FRANK, JOYCE

College Club '48 '49
Scholarship R. '50
Rough Rider Staff '50
Student Council '50
Publicity Committee



FELTMAN KATHERINE

Ladpoles '48
Fourth Floor Choir '49
Roller Skating Club '49
Dancing Club '49



FRIEND, GARY



FUNDERBURK LOUISE

Vocalists '48 '50
Roller Skating Club '48
Secretary to Advisor '50



GARRETT LLOYD

Baseball '48 '49, '50
Rough Rider Staff '49 '50



GASTORE, AILEEN



GOSLER GEORGE



GENTILE RITA ANN



GORMAN
MARY MARTHA

Card Club '48 '49 '50



GOURLEY, MARY ANN

Princeton '48 '49, '50
Cards Bowling Club '49 '50
Vocalists, '50



GRAFF, JUNE LINDA

Ladpo
Card Club '50



GRAMM THADDEUS



Bwana

GREENO, ANNABE



GROHMANN, CLARA LEE

Three Scholarship R's
Fourth Hour Choir '43

GRUENWALD JUNE
nd '41 '5



GUENTHER BETTY

and Club
Tennis Club

HACH SUSAN

Student Council
Student Council
Senior Staff

Varsity R



HAGIPARIS ANGELINI

Fourth Hour Choir
pettes '43
ing '51

HAGIST PATSY

Spoken '41
chall '47
G. A. A. '43



HAIN ALLEN

Varsity Band '49
Boys Bowling '4
Varsity '48 '4

HAKES, ERMA



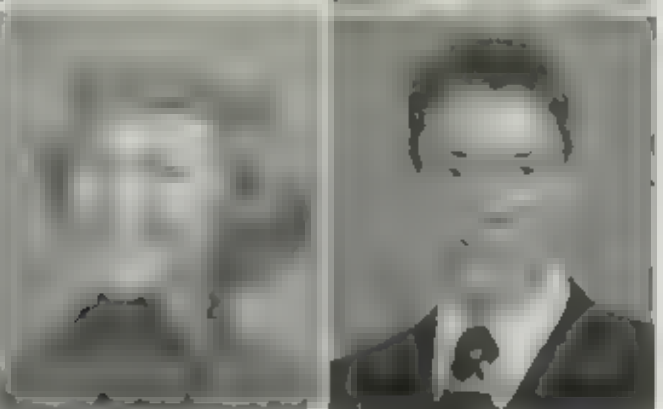
HALLY, JUNE

Varsity '49
Varsity '49 '50 '51 Vice

Varsity '49
Track Mard '4

HALL, BETTY

and Club '41 '4



HARTENBERGER
MAURICE

Varsity '49
Varsity '49

June '51

HENRICK, JAMES



HENSEY, OLIVER

Track 48 49 50
Swimming 48, 49 50
Student Council
Apparatus Team 48 49



HILZINGER, MARGARET

Student Council 48 49 50
Secretary of 5 yrs



HINDLE, JIM

Football
Swim Team
Track Team



HOEFNER, ROM ANN

Scholarship Pin
Service Pin
4 yrs
Dancing Club



HUMMEL, HARRIE I

Paperettes 4
Service 4
Fourth House Choir 47 48



HURSTON, ANNA BELLE



JACOBSEN, DORIS



IASTRAM, GLADYS K

Student Council 49, 50
Service
A Cappella Choir 48
Member of 4 yrs



JACURNIG,
PATRICIA ANN

Sevens Social Committee
Roller Skating 48 49 50
Basketball 49
Tennis 50
Service 48



JOHNSTON, MERLIN



JONES, MARTHA

Home 48 49 50



Bwana

JONES, NANCY

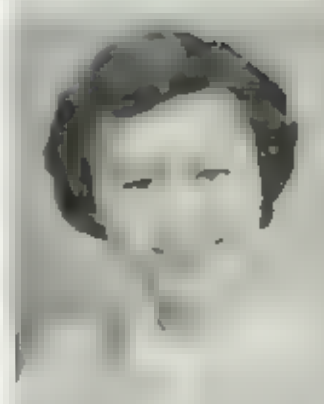
College Club
Hawaii Staff
Student Council
Public Relations Committee '56
Valedictorian



KAMMIEN, BOB

Student Council '56
President of Letterman's Club

KANG, LOUISE



KARY, CHARLES

KAUSCH, MICHAEL

Honolulu Rider Staff
Student Council
Bowling Club
Camera Club
Track Squad '56



KEATHLEY, BETTY

Fourth Hour Choir '56 '57

KELSLY, CAROL

Scholarship P
Orchestra '54 '55 '56
Orchestra P
Concert Master



KERR, VERNON MAURICE

Honolulu Bowling Club '56



K. K. K.

Junior Club
Tadpole '56

K. K. K.

Fourth Hour Choir
Tadpole



KNAUS, MARIEAN

and Club
Bowling Club
C. A. A.
Volley Ball
Winter Shating

June '51

KOFFMAN MOLLY ANN



KRACSI ROBERT



KURTH RONALD

Boys Room 49 50 5
Baseball 49 50 5



LAMB ARLENE

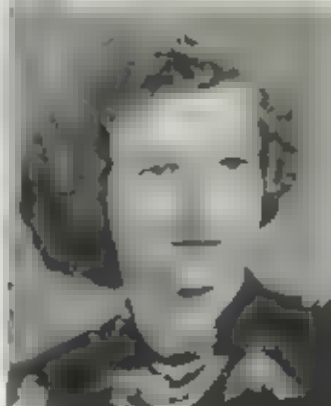
LAMBERT KAY I



LARCOM ROBERT

Boys Bowling 48 49 5
Treasurer of Club 49 5

LAYTON WILMA



LEAKE OLGA

High Red

LAMIER JEANNETTE



LITSON ROXANA

LLOYD TOM

Track 5



LULLIE JEAN

Bwana

O'DELL, BERNARD

Sportsman 48
Music Club 48



OGLE, ARTHUR J.
Football 48, 49, 50

OGLE, RAE ANN



OGLE, SHIRLEY ANN
Tennis 48
Football 48, 49

OWENS
FRANCES BERNICE

Pepettes 47, 48
F.R. 48, 49, 50
L.S. 48



PEARL, DIANE

PENN, DOROTHY

Laurel
Student Council
Property Comm.
Pepettes



PERSINGER
GLORIA JEAN
Football 48, 49, 50
Secretary for 48, 49, 50

PETER, EARL



PIERCE, GLORIA A.
Secretary for 48, 49, 50
Hillier Skiing Club 47, 48
Carol Club 47

PIELMAN, NANCY

Student Council 50
Fourth Home Ch. 47, 48



PLUMMER
KATHRYN LYNN
Secretary for 48, 49
Pepettes 48

June '51

LULIFF PEGGY JANE

Roller Skating Club
Carnival Club
Fourth Honor Choir
Freshman Dance Class



LUTHER LOUIS

MARGARITIS GEORGE



MARN GILBERT

Scholarship Rec.
Tennis Team '50
Bowling Club 49 '50
Public Address Club 49 '50
Chess Club 47 '48

MCCORMICK BETTY JO

Pepettes '47 '48
Pep R. 49 '50
Service 48 49 '50



MCCORMACK LEROY

B. Team Football
Glee Club
Academic Club
Academic Treasurer

MCGEE MARLOU



McFARLAND RONALD

48 49 '50

McHUGH BETTY

Fourth Honor Choir '49



McHUGH PATRICIA

MIDLEY LESTER

Football
Basketball
Honor Award
Track



MILLER DONALD

Bwana

MELIUS SAMUEL

MILLER MARY ANN
V. Cappella
Footprints

MONTEGOMERY NORMA
V. Cappella 47, 48, 50
Opereitas 47, 48

MUELLER JANET
V. Cappella 48
Opereitas
No. No Nanette
Journals
Footprints

MUELLER PAI
Fourth Hour Class 48, 49

NEWCOMER BOB



MILLER EDWARD

MITCHELL MARY

MUELLER DON
Mayor 50, 51
Swimming Team 49, '50, '51
Editor of Rough Rider
Harvard Book Prize
Scholarship Prize

MUELLER MARIAN
Journaism Club
Student Council 49, '50
Advisor 49
Fourth Hour Class

MURPHY BETTY

NIKODEM RAYMOND
Swimming Team 49, '50
Captain
Rough Rider

June '51

PONGROLL, KENNETH



POTOSKI, SHIRLEY JEAN



PRICE, DARLENE

G. A. A. 47 48
 Roller Skating 43
 Junior Ch.



Country Team
 Eastern Club

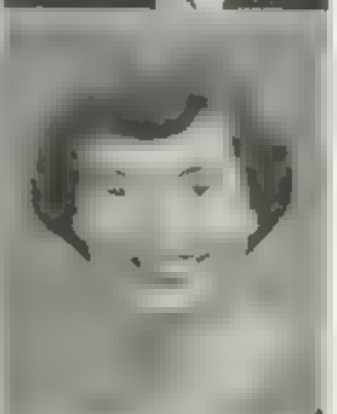
PRYOR, ROBERT

Junior Ch. 44
 Fourth H. at Ch. 45



RIDLEARN, GRAYCE

Union City 44
 Band 47 48



REDMAN, DONNA MAY

REICHMUTH, ANNETTE



RIVAS, CLARA



ROAN, CAROLE

Education of Card Club



Bwana

RODGERS, CAROL
Swimming Club
Golf Club
Designer of Silver Buttons



SACHSE, JAMES
President 48-49 '5
Scholarship R 4A
Student Council '5



SANIKOIS, HELEN
Bowling Club
Typing and Duplicating Service
Scholarship R



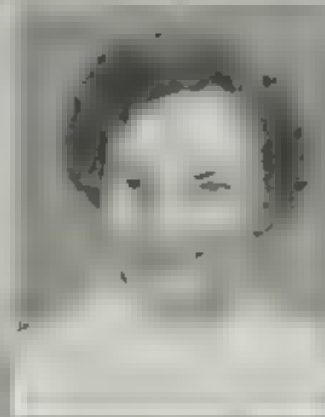
SALERBURGER, DOROTHY
President Dance Club '5
President Paperettes '5
Pop R
Class Warden
Peer Leader



SCARFIO, GUIDO



SCHAAN, JOAN LOUISE
Student Council '5
Scholarship P
High Rider '5
Pop R 49 '5



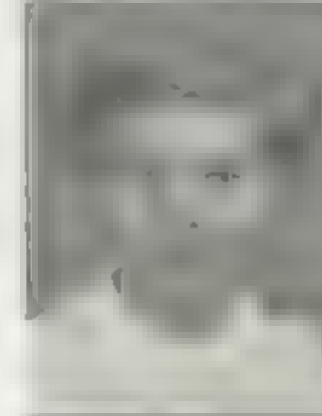
SCHAFER, NORMA
Ice Skating
Tennis
Golf Club
Tadpoles



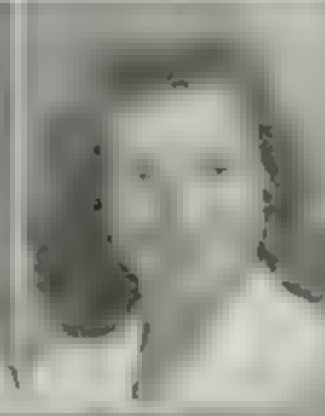
SCHOLL, HERBERT



SCHOTTEL, DOLORIS



SMITH, WANDA MARIE



STAIBER, MARI ENI
Swimming Club
Golf Club
V A
Seaside Sprint

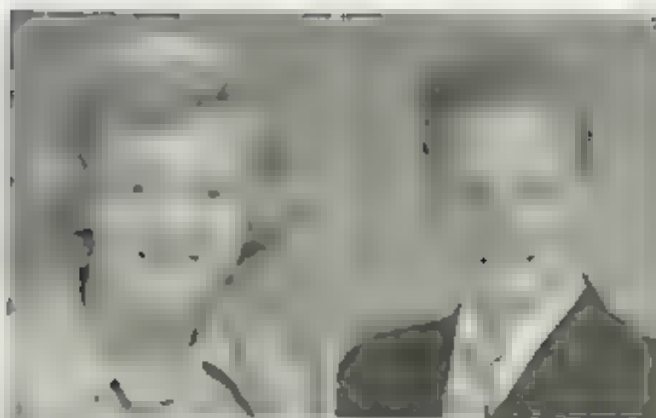


STAMER, JEAN ELEANOR
Student Council
Scholarship R



June '51

STICKLES, SHARON



SHERIN TOM

Junior Choir 47
 Art Club 47-48
 Band 48
 Bowling 48

SERNAD, VLASTA



TARDÉ CAROL

Vocal Club 48
 Bowling 48



TAYLOR, BEVERLY

Archery 49
 Art Council 49-50



TAYLOR, GEORGENE

Swimming Club 49, 50
 Secretary 50
 Treasurer Junior Cl.
 Service 49



THEODOSADIS, CYNTHIA

Bowling Club 48-49



THOMAS, HARRIET



TODD, DAVID



VANNATTA, BETTY LOW

Editor Student Club
 News 48
 Service 48



VANDERHAYDEN, GEORGE



VIRTREES, LEROY

Baseball
 Football



Bwana

WAGNER BERNARD

Boys' Referee Staff '51

WALKER RUTH

Girls' Bowling Club

WERNER MARILYN

WHITE SHIRLEY

*Secretary to Advise
Scholarship R's
Service R's
G A A*

WIBBENMEYER
EDWARD

WILKINSON DON

Bwana

WAINMAN RICHARD

*Senior Band '47 '48 '49 '51
Senior Orchestra '47, '48 '49
'51
Intergroup Conference, '48, '49
All City Orchestra '49
March and Band '48 '49 '50*

WALLACE EUGENE

*B Team Basketball '48 '49
Varsity Basketball '49, '50
Varsity Baseball '51
Letterman's Club '50*

WISLING PATRICIA

*Senior Orchestra '48 '49, '50
Student Council '51*

WHITEHORN JACK

WILLIAMS DICK

Track '49

WILLIAMS RICHARD

June '51

WILSON, JANICE

Student Council 5,
Rough Rider Staff 40 5
Pep R 48 '49, 50
Scholarship P n
Service Pin



WINCHELL, TOI

WOLF, ELIZABETH



WOOD, HARRIETT

Bowling Club 48 '49 '50
Treasurer 5,
Hillier Skating 47 4A 49
Service 48 49 50

WOOD, MARIAN
Fourth Floor Choir



WOODSON, EARLINE

Service 48 49

WOOLSLEY
SHIRLEY JEAN
Carol Club



YARBRO,
MARGARET CORDELLA

Seasonal Sports
4A 4v
Hillier Skating Club 47
G A A 48 4v
Carol Club 4
A Cappella '49

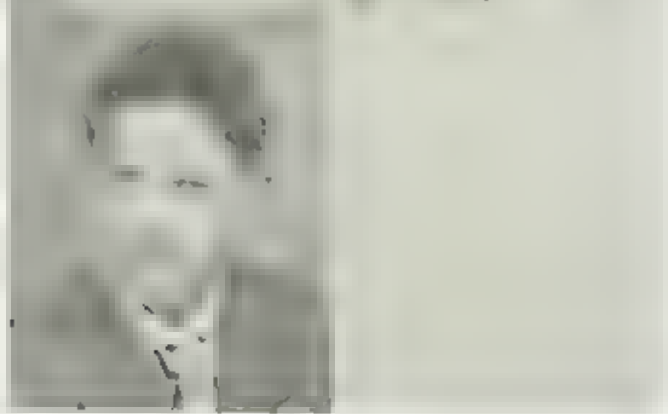
ZARRICK, JOHANNA



ZESS, RICHARD

Swimming Team 47 '48 49
Bowling Club, '49 50
A Cappella 48 51

ZEUGN, WAYNE



Bwana

ANDERSON DONALD

BARBER PATSY

BECKER BILLY

BELL MARGARET

BOEHLE DONALD

BRODA FRANCIS

BRYANT EUGEN

BUSCHBORN MARY L

CANTERBURY LESLIE

CORLESS MARY L

*Class III Varsity
Varsity Club
Varsity Club
Intramural Basketball*

DARWIN MAXINE

DONAVAN WILLIAM

EDWARDS RICHARD

FERRELL WILLIAM
Swimming Club 47, 48, 49

FITZ ADOLPH

KALBAC ED

HUGHES WAYNE
Class III

HEPP CARL GILBERT

KLEIN JOHN H

KOENIG LEO

KUNST KARI

LOW ROBERT

LYLES GEORGE

LYNN NORVAL EUGENE

MARTINDALE CLARENCE

MCGREW GEORGE JR

*Football
Basketball
Varsity Club
Varsity Club*

MITCHELL JOHN

MUELLER DALE K

NUZUM RAYMOND

*High School
Pittsburgh Penna
Harmony Club
Football Squad
Football Squad*

OWEN DONALD

PHILLIPS RUFUS

PLUMMER WAYNE

PORTNEY HAROLD

POTH CHARLES

RATHGEBER RONALD

SCHNEIDER LEMER

SCHULTZ DONALD

SEWARD LAWANDA

*Smith Mountain High School
Varsity Club
F. H. A.
Girls Golf Club
Mixed Golf Club
Pop Club*

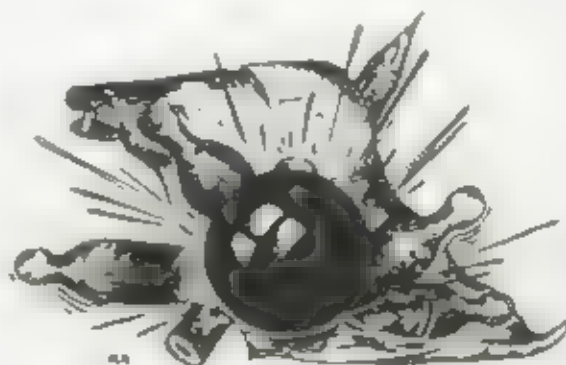
SHOULTS ROBERT

STOBBS BOB

WAGNER DORIS

*Lutheran High
M.
Drama*

YAGGER FRANK R



PUPILS WHO EXPECT TO COMPLETE THE REQUIREMENTS FOR
GRADUATION IN THE SUMMER SCHOOL, 1951

CASLY, PATRICK
Fourth Hour Choir 47-48
Vice President 48
Track Club 49-50



COLL KATHRYN

DE RENZO CARMEN
Fourth Hour Choir 44-45

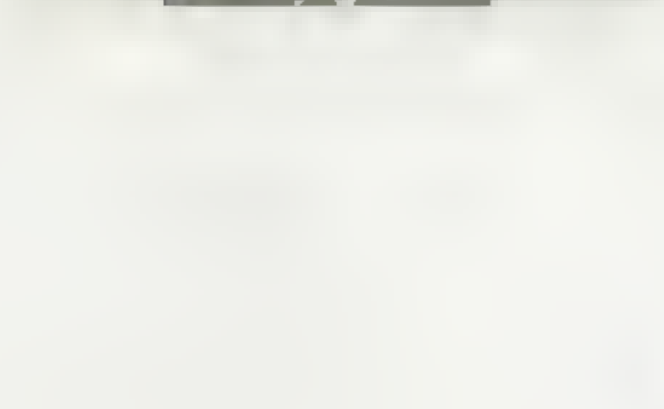


HOMER, MARY LOU
Fourth Hour Choir
G. A. A. 49



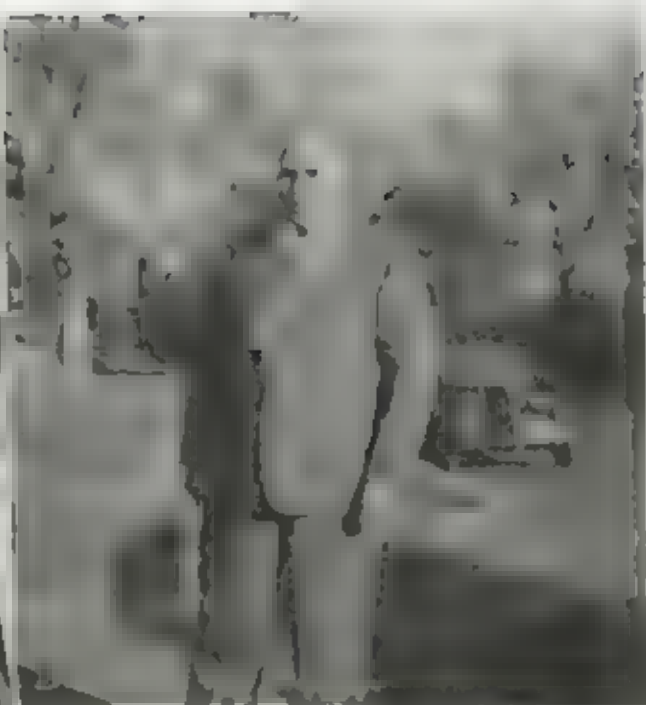
MOST, GEORGE
Fourth Hour Choir 47-48
Glee Club 48
Majestics Club
Athletic Club 49

HUFF, MARY JO



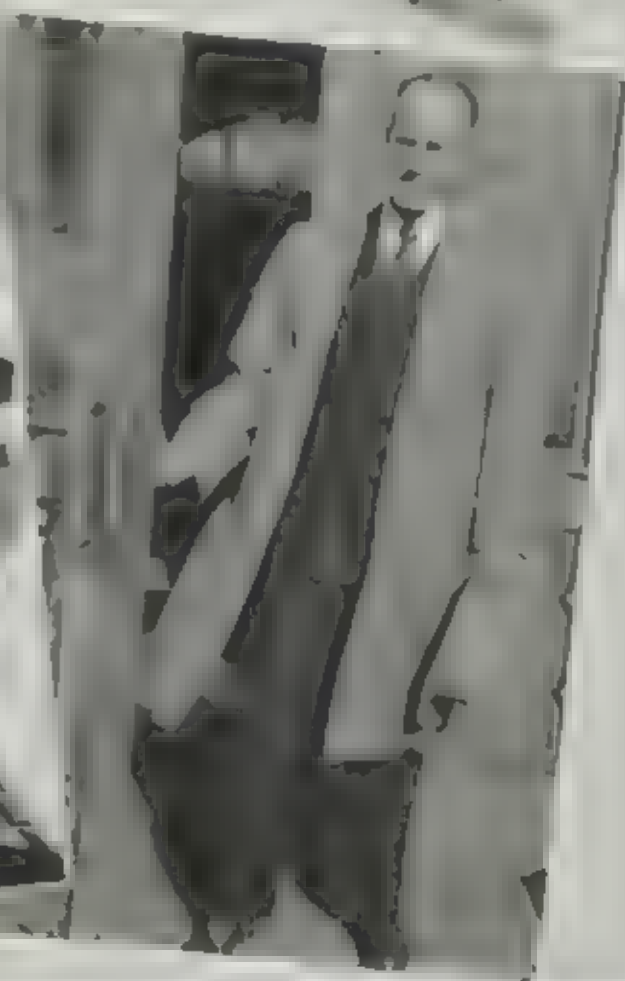
PROVAZNIK, WILLIAM
Boys' Bowling
Football





Faculty

of
Quonset





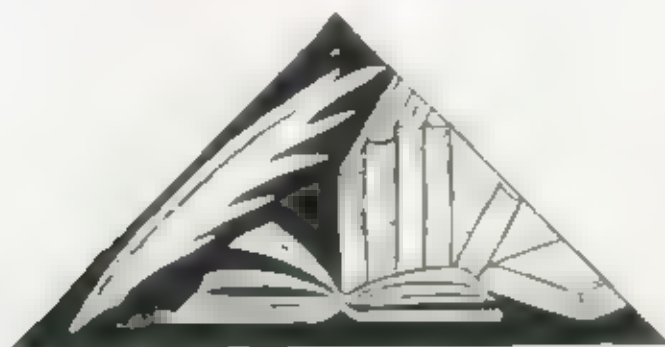
ORGANIZATIONS

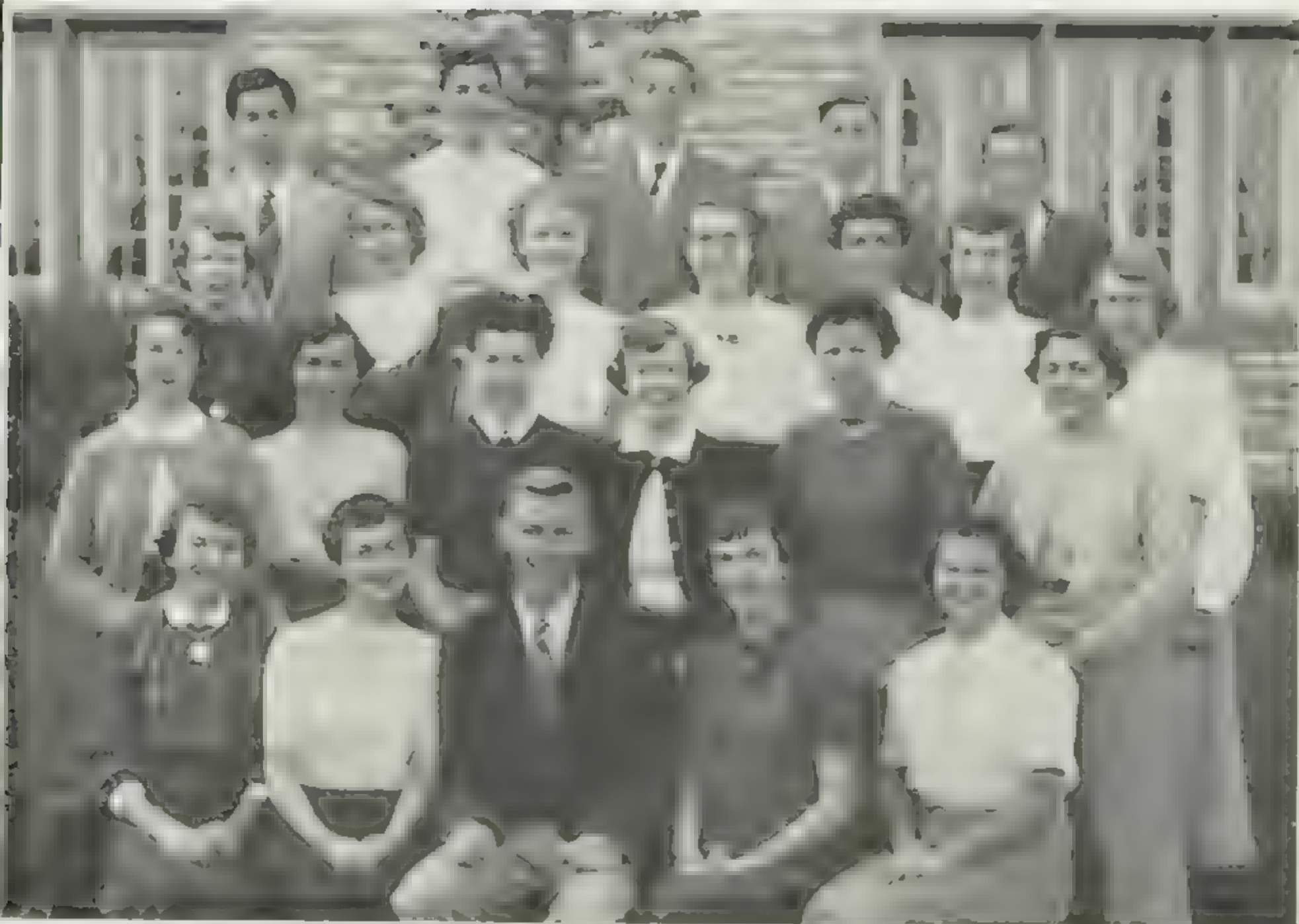


Many years ago, before a published yearbook was introduced, students would save newspaper clippings of their school activities and preserve them in a scrapbook so that in later years they might refer to the book to remind them of bygone school days. A little later, someone thought of publishing these newspaper clippings and distributing the copies to the students. Eventually the idea of a school yearbook was established, and each year improvements were added by succeeding classes until today we have the book here turned out for you. So too, have we, the *Bwana Staff*, added our ideas for the development of the yearbook under the capable guidance of Miss L. A. Nerud, Miss M. Burke, and Miss L. Solfronk.

Monday mornings before school we met to turn in data for *Bwana* calendar and discuss various ideas and topics. Many student study periods were spent placing and gluing pictures and copy. But gladly we gave our time to help preserve those golden memories of high school days.

CARL BOSSERT





BWANA STAFF

EDITORS

Spring: Dorothy Shaw, Jack Welch

Fall: Carl Bossert, Marilyn Hodge

Diane Abernathy

George Adolf

June Axthelm

Joan Baepler

Ranka Bogdanovich

Charlotte Busse

Ruth Edelmann

Traute Fischl

Eugene Florida

Alfred Gonzalez

Susan Hach

Christine Hangen

Janet Hargrove

Robert Hughes

Nancy Jones

Hanneliese Luettecke

Lyle Needham

Marilyn Priebe

Connie Rogers

Dorothy Shaw

Phyllis Shermer

Kirwin Stewart

Barbara Jane Strasser

Paul Sudmeyer

ROUGH RIDER

January to June, 1950

REPORTERS

George Adoll
Charlotte Busse
Traute Fischl
Gerry Gockel

Janet Hargrove
Marilyn Hodge
Bob Krohn
Nadine Mueller

Patricia Pickett
Pat Short
Larry Siems
Margie Snooks

PHOTOGRAPHER

Charles Pyne

TYPISTS

Ruth Hubert
Marilyn Kuha
Georgia Lazanna

Joyce Frank
Carol Luft

Agnes Schmalz
Felda Tupper
Judy Zagel

COUNTERS AND DISTRIBUTORS

Robert Butler
Bill Capehart
Rich Edwards
Bob Fischer
Eugene Florida
Lloyd Garrett

Terry Koch
Jim Martin
Charles Moore
Ray Noble
Tom O'Driscoll
Eddie Peek

Kurt Plache
Wayne Plumlee
Arthur Rebe
Don Schickedanz
Bern Wagner
Tod Winchell

September, 1950, to January, 1951

REPORTERS

Kenny Blaker
Charlotte Busse
Dick Eggerding

Traute Fischl
Don Mueller

Tom O'Driscoll
Pat Short
Margie Snooks

PHOTOGRAPHER

Charles Pyne

TYPISTS

Joyce Frank
Ruth Hubert
Lovette Hug
Georgia Lazanas

Olga Leara
Carol Luft
Bernice Owens

Beverly Rice
Agnes Schmalz
Felda Tupper
Judy Zagel

DISTRIBUTORS AND COUNTERS

Bob Butler
Bill Capehart
Joe Chiecsek
Jim Clayton

Vincent DeBlaze
Jim Martin
Ray Maurer

Don Mueller
Ray Noble
Ed Peek
Charlie Raich



ROUGH RIDER STAFF

Sponsor: Mr. Kammerer

OFFICERS

January to June, 1950

STAFF

Editors
Copy Readers
Chief Photographer
Business Manager
Exchange Manager
Distribution Managers

Marlene Bastian, Don Mueller
Alfred Gonzalez, Carl Mueller, Janice Wilson, Arlayne Ziegler
Ray Wasyluka
Jim Hubeli
Al Flynn
Don Rakey, Vincent Vento

OFFICERS

September, 1950, to January, 1951

STAFF

Editors
Feature Editor
Copy Readers
Chief Photographer
Business Manager
Exchange Manager
Distribution Managers

Janet Hargrove, Don Rakey
Alfred Gonzalez
Janice Wilson, Marilyn Hodge
Ray Wasyluka
Art Rebe
Elmer Derington
Vincent Vento, Al Flynn

Tutu nini



A CAPPELLA CHOIR

Moderator: Miss Birdie Hilb

COMMITTEE

Peggy Beare, Chairman

Margaret Whitney

Jean Hoff

Gail Roan

Charles Moore

Nancy Green

Terry Schicker

Purpose of club: School and community service through public performance.

Time and place of meeting: Daily, 8:05 a. m., in Room 301





AERONAUTICS CLUB

Moderator: Mr. Henry J. K. Marx

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Keith Preston	Homer Krattly
Vice-President:	Tom Ballman	James Scott
Secretary-Treasurer:	Leroy McCormick	Clifford Hammond

Purpose of the club: To bring together all model builders so they may profit by the experiences of others. To learn to build better models and to discuss the more recent developments in aviation

Time and place of meeting: Wednesday, 3:05 p. m., in Room 108.





AUDIO-VISUAL PROJECTION GROUP

Moderators: Miss D. Cutter and Miss H. Stout

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Charles Moore	James Sachse
Vice-President:	Louis Belcolore	Ann Emory
Secretary:	Shirley White	Delaner Thomason

Purpose of the club To make audio visual equipment easily available to teachers and their classes.

Time and place of meeting: Room 109, daily, from 8:30 a. m. to 9:15 a. m.





BAND

Moderator: Charles A. Humfeld

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Wm. Stevenson	Don Busch
Vice-President:	Robert Veech	Frank Brosius
Secretray:	Charles Saussele	Philip Henderson
Librarian:	Don Busch	Richard Wainman

Purpose of the club: At all of Roosevelt's football games, one of the most conspicuous features is the band. Led by strutting majorettes, it marches down the field and marches back again, making a brilliant splash of color on the gridiron. This active organization also participates in many civic and social events, as the clean-up parade, Memorial Day parade, Community Chest downtown parade, and various programs. This group played an important part in the United Nations pageant which was presented in our school auditorium October 13, 1950, 8 p. m.

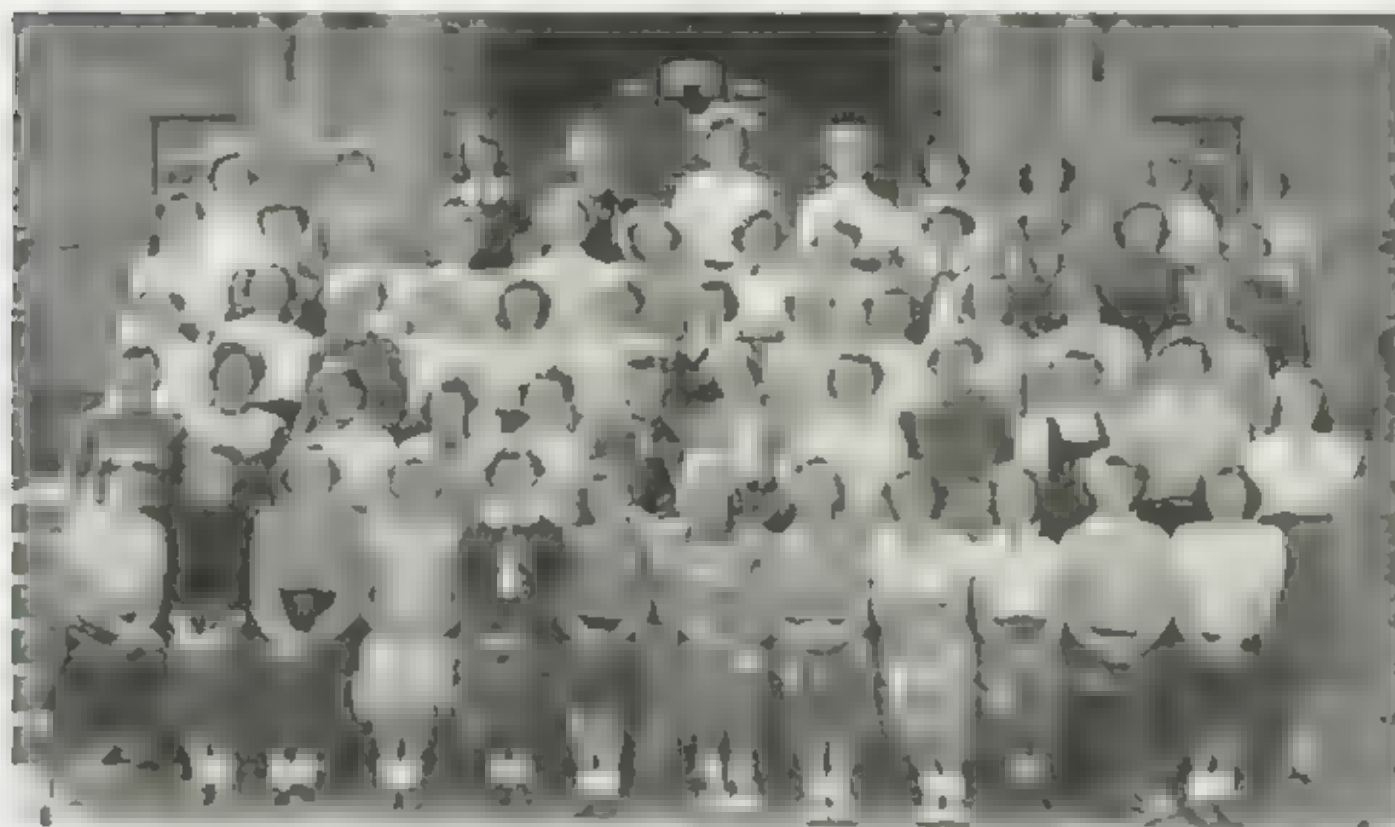


BOY CHORISTERS

Moderator: Miss Birdie Hilb

Purpose of Club: Preparation for Glee Club and Choir.

Time and place of meeting: Fifth hour, daily, in Room 301



GIRLS' FIFTH HOUR CHOIR

Moderator: Miss Harriet Stout



CAROL CLUB

Moderator: Miss Birdie Hilb

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Shirley Parker	Jeanette Marxer
Vice-President:	Barbara Clayton	Bonnie Medley
Secretary:	Hallie Martin	Hallie Martin
Treasurer:	Shirley Guckes	Cathiern Gray
Librarians:	{ Jeanette Marker	Shirley Lenox
	{ Theresa Rose	Patsy Ammon

Purpose of the club: Singing for enjoyment, learning to be better singers and to appreciate good music.

Time and place of meeting: Daily, second period, Room 301.



DANCE CLUB

Moderator: Miss Dorothy Fager

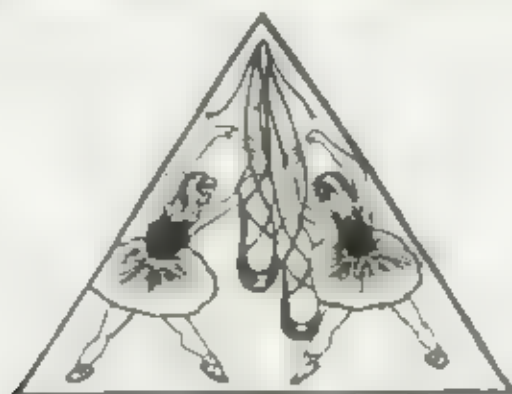
OFFICERS

January to June, 1950

President:	Dorothy Sauerburger
Vice-President:	Georgia Lazanas
Secretary:	Traute Fischl
Treasurer:	Georgene Taylor
Accompanist:	Diane Abernathy

Purpose of the club: To provide the opportunity for girls to obtain instruction in various forms of the dance—tap, folk, character, social, square, acrobatic, ballet, and modern. Membership is open to all girls who enjoy dancing, and since the club is a part of the Girls' Athletic Association, members can earn points toward their letters.

Time and place of meeting: Wednesdays, after school in girls' gymnasium



EARLY BIRDS AND EAGER BEAVERS

Moderator: Mr. C. Dwight Horn

OFFICERS

September, 1950, to January, 1951

	Early Birds	Eager Beavers
President:	Betty Rimmel	Norma Schaffer
Vice-President:	George Drabb	Pat Hagist
Secretary-Treasurer:	Bonnie Lay	Ruth Walker
Reporter:	Delores Bartley	Sylvia Edwards
Sentinel:	Vincent DeBlaze	Tod Winchell

Purpose of club:

To develop further capable and professional leadership among the members who will assume important responsibilities in the field of distribution both now and in the future.

To provide means for members to secure more information regarding their particular lines of interest.

To provide activities which will aid the members to develop self-confidence in the performance of their jobs.

To strive for the development of proper co-operation between members and their fellow employees.

Time and place of meeting: Alternate Fridays during the regular class periods. Each club plans and prepares its own program.



FOURTH HOUR CHOIR

Moderator: Miss Birdie Hilb

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June .1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Pat Mueller	Pat Mueller
Vice-President:		Jackie Blitt
Secretary:	Gladys Koch	Gail Wilkerson
Treasurer:		Peggy Luleff
Librarian:		Marian Wood

Purpose of the club: To give the girls the pleasure of singing in harmony and the experience of appearing in public performances.

Time and place of meeting: Daily, fourth period, Room 301.





GIRLS' BOWLING CLUB

Moderator: Miss Mary Lawless

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Eileen Bock	Pat Hezel
Secretary:	Pat Hezel	Sue Miller
Treasurer:	Pat Wood	Martha Kayser

Purpose of the club: To provide recreation for the girls and to get them interested in bowling as a sport.

Time and place of meeting Each Tuesday, 3 30 p. m., at Bowling Grand





GIRLS' SEASONAL SPORTS CLUB

Moderator: Miss Agnes Voit

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Velta Evans	Pat Hezel
Vice-President:	Pat Hezel	Marlene Wideman
Secretary:	Mary Ebinger	Velta Evans
Treasurer:	Shirley Neal	Shirley Neal
G. A. A. Representative:		Marlene Nottelmann

Purpose of the club: To give girls an opportunity to learn and to participate in volley ball, basketball and tennis.

Time and place of meeting: Thursday, 3:05 p. m.-4:15 p. m., in the girls' gym





GIRLS' SWIMMING POOL SERVICE

Moderator: Miss A. Voit

These girls, trained in life-saving techniques, volunteer their time and service during the scheduled swimming classes. Their assistance makes it possible to offer individual instructions and aid, thereby promoting greater interest and assuring more rapid progress in all aquatic skills.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Moderator: Miss Agnes Voit

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Jean Lemakis	Jean Lemakis
Vice-President:	Esther Severin	Shirley Neal
Secretary:	Vaughn Rudokas	Vaughn Rudokas
Treasurer:	Dorothy Butler	Jaclyn Rau

The G. A. A. is an affiliation of the girls' sport clubs at Roosevelt

The purpose of this club is to learn to participate in various physical recreational activities and to derive the pleasure these may give, to learn activities students may enjoy later, to give opportunity for social intercourse with other students.

Time of meetings: At the beginning of term for election of officers. At end of term to award letters. At end of year for banquet



THE ICICLES

Moderator: Miss Florence Slattery

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Jim Hindle	Carol Shiflet
Vice-President:	Wayne Gottschall	Alice Vogel
Secretary:	Janet Mueller	Shirley Louis
Treasurer:	Jack Ingoldsby	Georgene Taylor

Purpose of the club:

Do you really want to rate? Don't wait!
Join the Icicles and learn to skate.





LETTERMEN'S CLUB

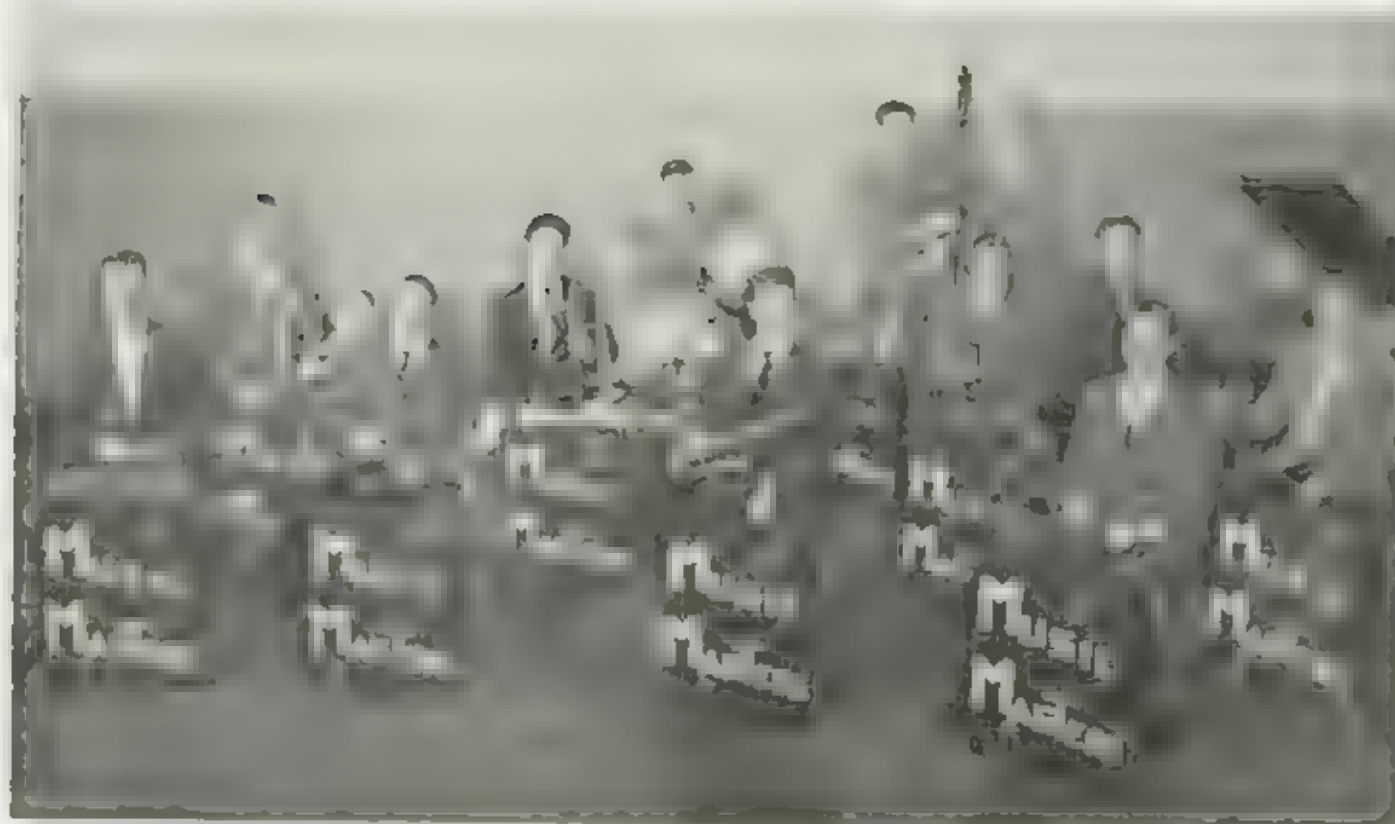
Moderators: Mr. I. R. Lake and Mr. R. Rogers

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Bob Kammien	Richard White
Vice-President	Carl Bossert	Ray Maurer
Secretary:	Don Rakey	Charles Fehr
Treasurer:	Guy Kammien	Tom O'Driscoll
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Ray Maurer	Bob Kammien

Purpose of the club. To promote better fellowship among the lettermen and to promote social activity in the school.





MUSIC MASTERS

Mr. Charles A. Humfeld

Student Director: Robert Veech

Clarinet:	{ Don Busch	Trumpets:	{ Frank Brosius
	{ Charles Saussele		{ Gary Weber
Saxophones	{ Buddy Reeves	Bass Viol	James Sinovich
	{ Gerald Spann	Drums:	Philip Henderson
Trombones:	{ Lawrence Modglin	Piano:	Robert Veech
	{ Richard Wainman		

Purpose: The Music Masters is the name given to the pupils participating in the extra curricular activity in the band room every Tuesday and Thursday after school. This organization, popularly referred to as a dance band, provides music for dances sponsored by various groups as well as sponsoring their own dances. Proceeds from these dances are spent for music for the band and also for the repair of the many musical instruments owned by the school. Members of both the senior band and orchestra make up the Music Masters.

Time and place of meeting: Every Tuesday and Thursday after school, Room 39.





THE NEREIDS

Moderator: Miss Agnes Voit

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Jerry Utnage	Vaughn Rudokas
Vice-President:	Georgia Lazanas	Kate Hilliker
Secretary:	Traute Fischl	Georgene Taylor
Treasurer:	Jackie Blitt	Jaclyn Rau
G. A. A. Representative:	Georgene Taylor	Velta Evans
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Vaughn Rudokas	Pat Coyle

Purpose of club: To provide recreation in swimming

Time and place of meeting: Tuesdays, 3:00 p. m., in Swimming Pool





ORCHESTRA

Moderator: Mr. Charles A. Humfeld

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Clarence Schubert	Carol Kelsey
Vice-President:	Robert Veech	William Kleppinger
Secretary:	Jerry Utnage	Gerald Spann
Librarian:	Guy McElfresh	Richard Wainman

The Roosevelt Orchestra plays for such events as the graduation exercises, Memorial Day assembly, and operettas. It played an important part in the United Nations program which was held in the school auditorium, October 13, 1950.

Students at Roosevelt feel that any extra curricular activity, such as those mentioned, is made a little more "extra special" because the orchestra has lent its presence and performance.

Time and place of meeting: Daily, sixth period, in Room 39



PEPETTES

Moderator: Miss Johanna Fruin

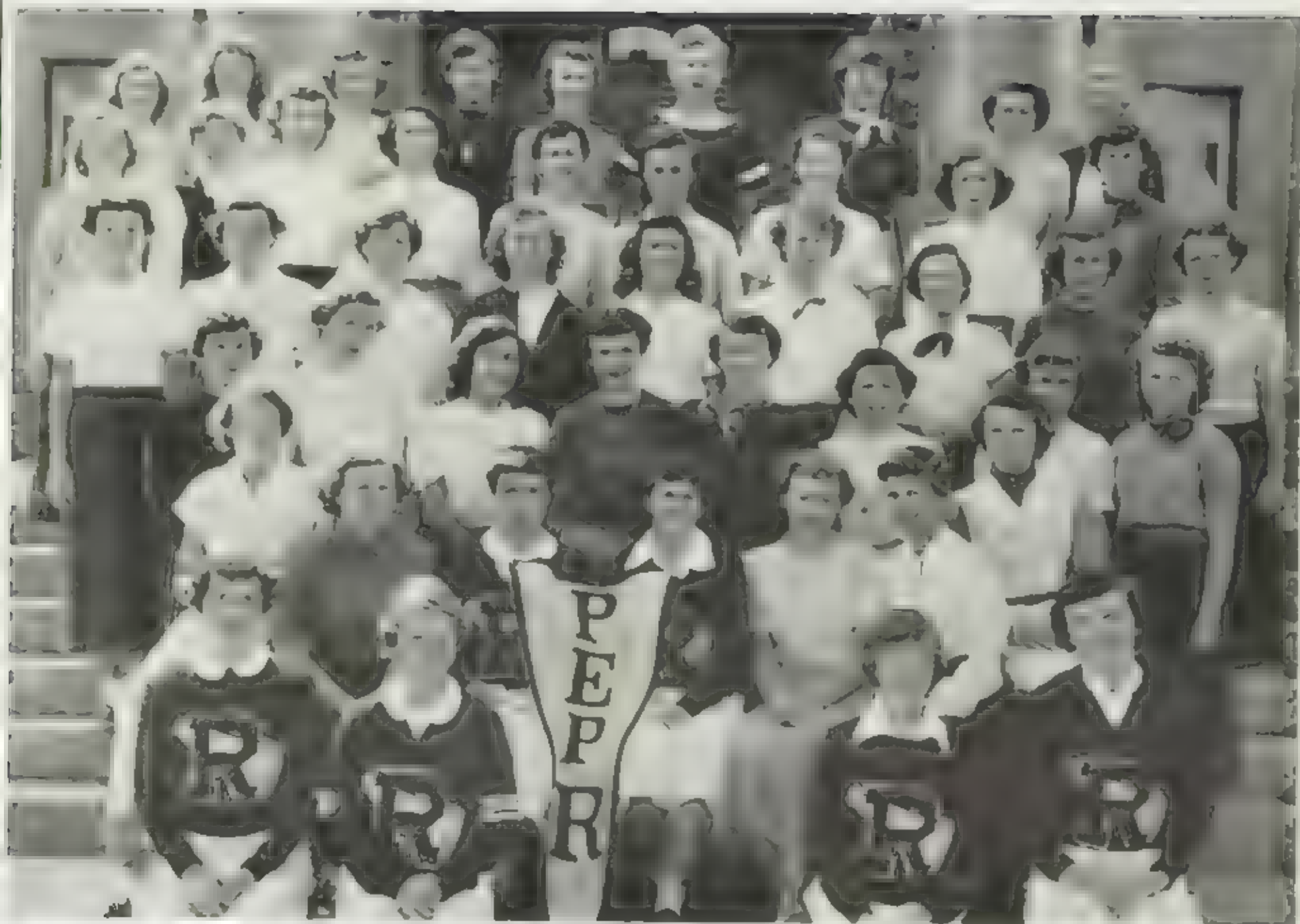
OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Joann Stevens	Karin Berg
Secretary:	Billie Rammelsburg	Carol Zumwalt
Treasurer:	Bonnie Medley	Carol Shiflet

Purpose of club: To prepare the girls for membership in Pep R

Time and place of meeting. First Thursday of each month, Room 232.
at 3:10 p. m





PEP R

Moderator: Miss Johanna Fruin

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Felda Tupper	Dot Sauerburger
Vice-President	Joyce Kyle	June Haley
Secretary:	Agnes Schmalz	Georgia Lazanas
Treasurer:	Joan Dooley	Bernice Owens
Point Chairman, Pep R:	Dorothy Shaw	Beverly Rice
Representative to Pepettes:	Ruth Uzdila	Pat Gross

Purpose of club: To help promote the interest of the students in school activities, as well as to sell tickets for school games and dances. The club also is in charge of the crowning of the track queen and maids. Twice a year the members of Pep R give a social for themselves.

Time and place of meeting: First and third Wednesdays, Room 232, at 3:05 p. m.



ROLLER SKATING CLUB

Moderators: Miss R. Leuthuesser and Miss V. Vogel

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Bill Davidson	Bob Groves
Vice-President:	Jack Robinson	Pat Thayer
Secretary:	Pat Larcom	Pat Larcom
Treasurer:	Pat Thayer	Charles Deder

Purpose of the club: Recreation.

Time and place of meeting: Arena, every Wednesday.





ROOSEVELT PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

President:	Mrs. R. V. Frank
First Vice-President:	Mrs. O. Peter
Second Vice-President:	Mrs. A. Herbert
Third Vice-President:	Mrs. N. Hug
Recording Secretary:	Mrs. E. C. Friend
Corresponding Secretary:	Mrs. James Gottsberger
Assistant Corresponding Secretary:	Mrs. J. A. Mowrey
Treasurer:	Mrs. R. E. Edwards
Historian:	Mrs. W. J. Wirtel
Chairman of Evening Meetings:	Mr. R. V. Frank

Roosevelt High School Parent-Teacher Association, a unit of the local, State, and National Parent Teacher Association, is a voluntary organization composed of the parents and teachers of students in the school

Meetings are held at the school on the fourth Friday of each month except in November and December. During these months the meetings are held on the second Tuesday. Educational meetings begin at 1:30 p. m., followed by a business meeting at 1.45 p. m. Four night meetings are held during the year, on the second Tuesday of October, December, February, and April, at 7:30 p. m.

Meetings are interesting and educational. Programs are varied. Good speakers address meetings on timely subjects. Musical programs add interest. All fathers and mothers of students are welcome.



MASK AND BUSKIN

Moderator: Miss S. F. Lancaster

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Lawrence Modglin	Louise Swain
Vice-President:	Carolyn Mueller	Lawrence Modglin
Secretary }	Louise Swain	Betty Weldon
Treasurer }		Richard Wainmann

Purpose of the club: To acquaint members with the principles on which plays are made and by which they may be judged, to develop dramatic talent; to foster an interest in good drama, both as an actor and as a spectator; to stimulate a spirit of cooperation among the group.

Time and place of meeting: Alternate Wednesdays, Theatre 402, at 3:10 p. m.



RADIO CLUB

Moderator: Mr. D. C. Colmey

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Bill Dehmer	George Andrews
Vice-President:	George Andrews	Jim Liolios
Secretary:	Jim Liolios	A. J. Catanzaro

Purpose of the club: To bring together boys who are interested in electricity and its application in the field of amateur radio transmission and reception. It also gives an opportunity for the exchange of ideas and experiences in the field.

Time and place of meeting: Each Tuesday, at 8:30 a. m., Room 112.



SMALL ENSEMBLE

Moderator: Miss Birdie Hilb

Purpose of club: To attain excellence in tone quality and power in interpretation. From this group the soloists and operetta leads are chosen.

Time and place of meeting: Sixth period, daily, in Room 301.





*The best of luck
to a swell gal.
Love
Diane*

SIXES A

Sponsor	Miss Helen Rishoi
President:	Lee Lasater
Vice President:	Robert Hughes
Secretary:	Sue Miller
Treasurer:	Connie Rogers
Sergeant-at-Arms:	James McClane



SIXES—B





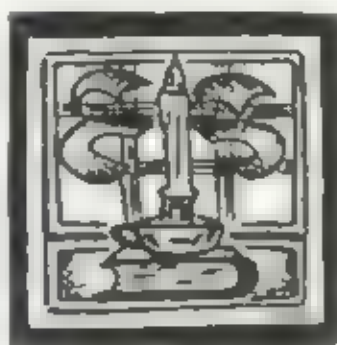
STUDENT COUNCIL

Moderator: Mr. Robert L. Baker

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Joe Chiecsek	Don Mueller
Vice-President:	Richard Eggerding	George Adolf
Secretary:	Arlayne Ziegler	Susan Hach
Parliamentarian:	Bob Melke	George Adolf

Purpose: To provide means for student participation in school government, to develop good citizenship, to stimulate student activity, and to promote the general welfare of Roosevelt High School





TYPING AND DUPLICATING SERVICE

Connie Becker
Shirley Beyersdorfer
Mary Casey
Mary Ebinger
Nedra Kimberlin

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Shirley Neal
Shirley Pierce
Margaret Rheine
Helen Sandoxis

Esther Severin
Norma Shearer
Jane Slavik
Barbara Wagner
Donna Warren

The Typing and Duplicating Service is under the able guidance of Miss E. Crowder. The staff is made up of fifteen typists and duplicators. The work of this organization is the typing and duplicating of tests, comprehensives, articles for the P. T. A., the Guidance Office, and various organizations.





USHERETTES

Moderator: Mr. C. J. Eppels

OFFICERS

	Jan. to June, 1950	Sept., 1950, to Jan., 1951
President:	Betty LeRoy	Billie Hampshire
Vice-President:	Marilyn Hodge	Betty LeRoy
Secretary:	Anita Leiser	Georgia Cambron
Treasurer:	Janet Hargrove	Betty Wilkinson
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Della Haefner	Beverly English

Purpose of the club. To usher at graduation, auditorium sessions, and any other school activities when needed.

Time and place of meeting: Tuesday, in Room 320, at 3:05 p. m.





SPORTS

Eighteen



OUR COACHES

Here is the fine staff of men responsible for Roosevelt's athletic program.

We welcome, this year, Mr. Marx as our new athletic director. He succeeds Mr. Neeb, who efficiently filled the position for many years. Mr. Lorenzen ably coaches our tennis team. Our basketball coach, Mr. Rogers, also assists in track and football. Mr. Lake is our baseball, football, and B-team basketball coach.

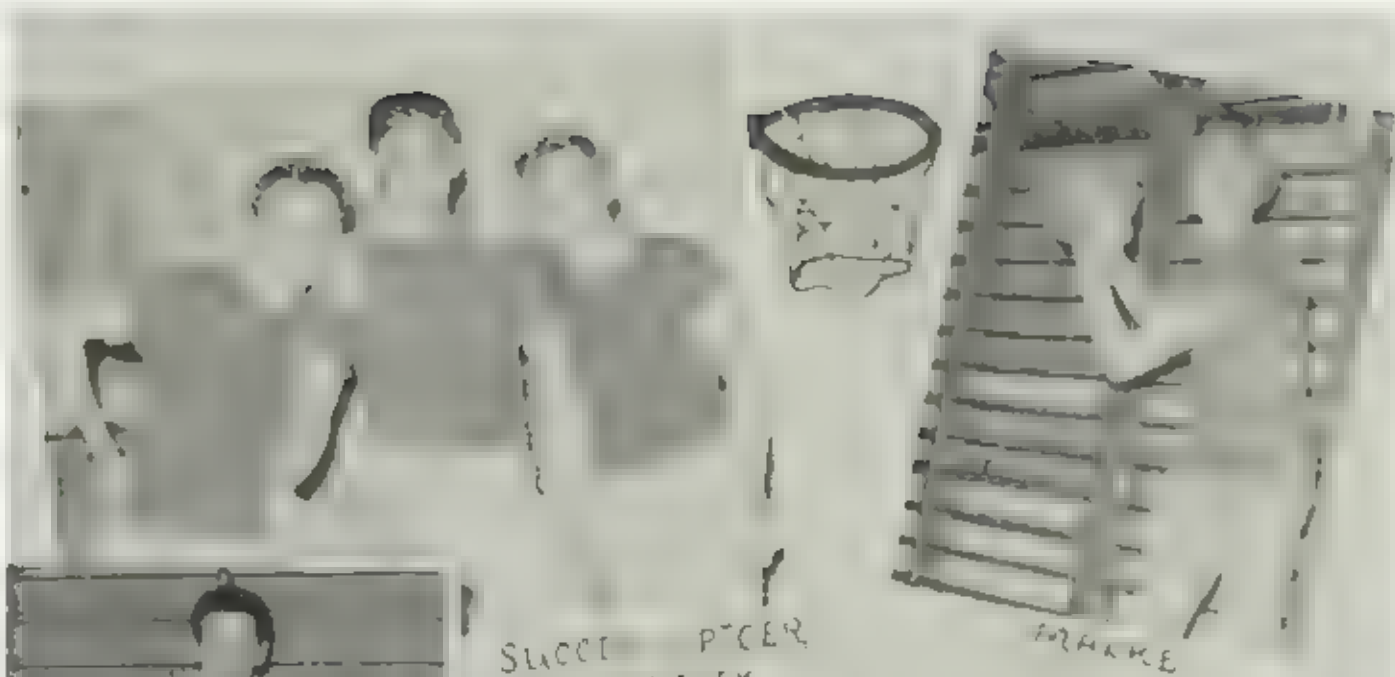
Last year Roosevelt was sorry to lose Mr. Van Reen, who trained many to win championships in track and cross country. He is efficiently replaced by Mr. Ault, a former Roosevelt student, who will guide the track, cross-country, and B-team football teams on to more championships. The swimming team is under the guidance of Mr. Neumann.

With such a fine group of competent men coaching athletics, Roosevelt can look forward to many victories and championships in all fields of sports.

CARL BOSSERT



Fighty eight



MECKLEY

SUCCI P'CEK
and TEC EX



FRANKIE



TIME OUT

BASKETBALL

In point of victories Roosevelt's basketball season was not memorable, ending with six games won and fourteen lost. To the spectators the Roosevelt five were in there to make each game a battle for their opponents, to the squad itself those games meant a developing of team work, a training in sportsmanship and in the fine points of the game. Results should show in the coming 1950-1951 season as the squad loses only three by graduation Bob Succio, Bob Malke, and Bob Krohn.

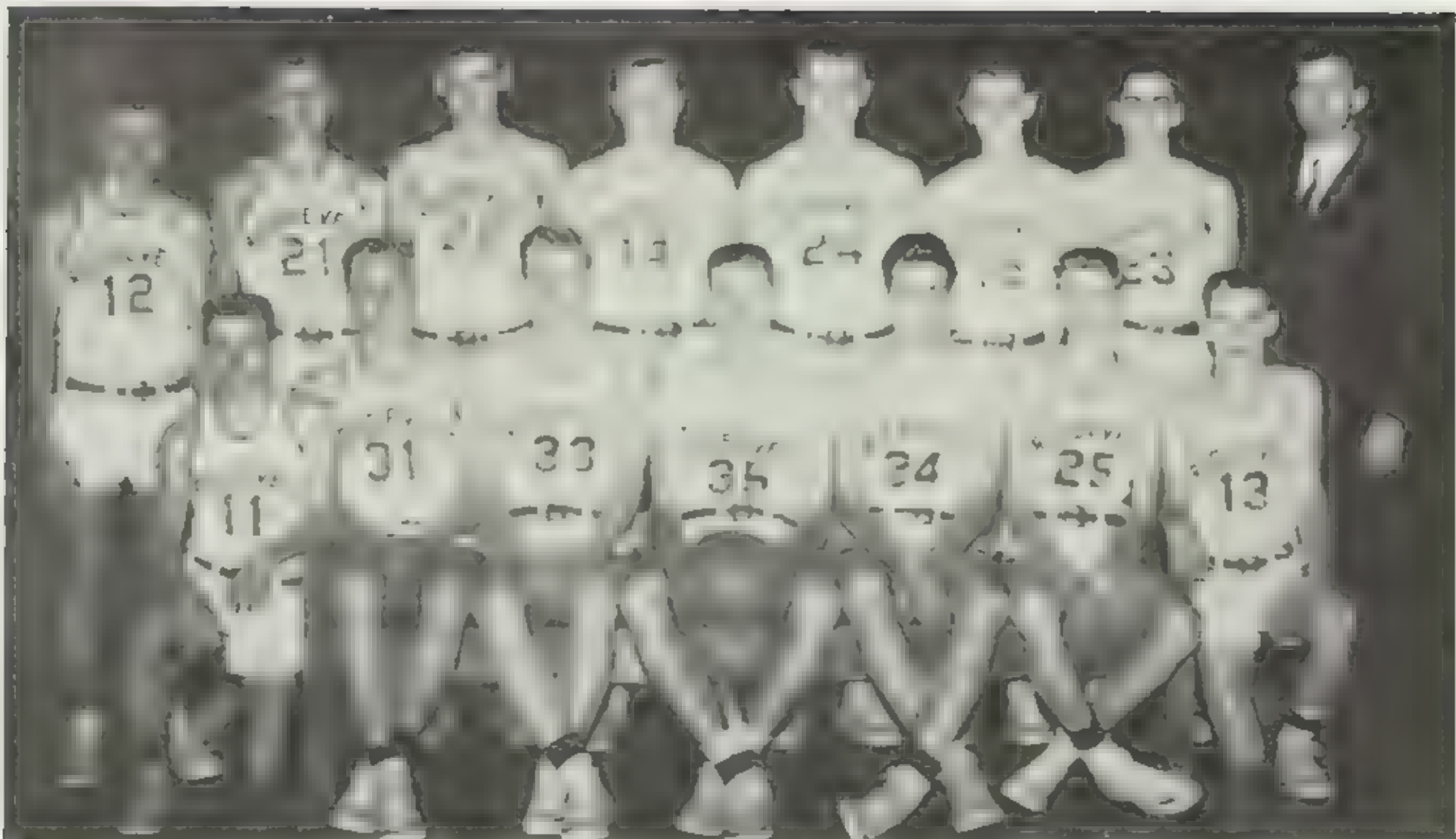
The eight lettermen remaining are Art Rebe, Shurley Byington, Les Medley, Don Boehle, Tom O'Driscoll, Joe Chiescek, Gene Wallace, and John Carroll. Lee Lasater, Roy Higginbotham, Lloyd Garrett, and Bob Meyer, too, are expected to round out our team. Four good prospects from the 'B' team are Ken Vogge, Russell Schamel, Roy Gould, and Lee Peterson.

The games played and the scores are as follows:

Roosevelt	31	C. B. C.	46
Roosevelt	42	St. Louis U. High	59
Roosevelt	28	De Andreis	44
Roosevelt	28	Beaumont	54
Roosevelt	38	Hancock	43
Roosevelt	48	Normandy	56
Roosevelt	31	Maplewood	30
Roosevelt	28	Central	34
Roosevelt	31	Central	46
Roosevelt	41	Cleveland	59
Roosevelt	27	Jennings	45
Roosevelt	32	Lutheran	46
Roosevelt	41	Bayless	39
Roosevelt	43	Soldan-Blewett	35
Roosevelt	52	McKinley	61
Roosevelt	43	Southwest	42
Roosevelt	63	Monroe City	33
Roosevelt	51	Hadley	32
Roosevelt	59	Webster Groves	68
Roosevelt	31	Central	58

BASKETBALL FORECAST

Coach Rogers' Rough Rider basketball team has started practice for the coming season. Roosevelt has a hard schedule ahead, for the team has games with many of the outstanding schools of the district, but the outlook for the Riders is good. Les Medley, 6'5" center, along with Boehle, Chiescek, Byington, Wallace, Carroll, Rebe, and O'Driscoll, make up the returning lettermen. Boys showing ability who look like good prospects are Lasater, Higginbotham, Vogge, Garrett, and Leara.



BASKETBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1950-1951

Dec 1—Jennings—There
 Dec 5—Afton—There
 Dec 9—Beaumont*
 Dec 12—McKinley (Afternoon) Here
 Dec 16—Central*
 Dec. 19—Brentwood—There
 Dec. 21—DeAndreis—There
 Jan 6—Cleveland*
 Jan 9—Southwest (Afternoon) Here
 Jan. 20—Soldan-Blewett*
 Jan. 23—Jennings—There
 Jan. 27—McKinley*
 Jan. 31—Hancock—There
 Feb 3—Southwest*
 Feb 6—Riverview Gardens—Here
 Feb 9—Hadley*—Here
 Feb. 13—St. Mary's—There
 Feb 16—Jennings—Here

*League games

All league games will be played at St. Louis University Gymnasium except our game with Hadley which will be played in our gymnasium

LES MEDLEY

Nineteen



SWIMMING, 1949-1950

The 1949-1950 swimming team got off to a fine start on October 3, 1949, by electing Don Mueller captain.

On December 5, 1949, our tankmen defeated Normandy in a pre-season contest held in our pool by the score of 48-18. We took first place in all events except one, and were sparked by Dick Zumwalt and Paul Johns, each of whom scored 10 points.

To open the regular Public High League season, Roosevelt met the defending champs, Beaumont, on December 8, who beat our team, 46-29. Firsts were scored by Johns in the 50 yard free style and Zumwalt in the 100 yard breast stroke. Our 200-yard free style relay team (Maurer, Sanders, Bossert, and Sotir) also took a first place.

December 15 was a bleak day for our swimmers as Cleveland won over them 43-32. The Riders fought hard all the way, leading at the midpoint, but the final score was decided in the last event. Again Zumwalt and Johns led the scoring. Johns taking first in the 40 yard free style event, and Zumwalt coming out on top in the 100-yard breast stroke. Another top man was Art Broadwater, who was first in diving.

Wednesday, December 21, 1949, the Roosevelt tankmen met Hadley at their pool and trounced them 48-27. Carl Bossert was high-point man, winning the 120 individual medley, and swimming on the free style relay team which won.

At Central, January 5, the Roosevelt fins met with close competition. The meet was decided by the free-style relay, which Central won, however.

they were disqualified, and Roosevelt won. Dick Zumwalt sparked the Rough Riders, winning both the 100-yard breast stroke and the 120 yard individual medley. The score was 40-35.

Roosevelt had a second meet with Normandy on January 11, 1950, where they had an unexpected setback, losing 38 to 28. Because the Normandy pool doesn't provide for diving, that event was eliminated.

At the downtown Y. M. C. A., McKinley was downed by the Roosevelt tankmen, 52-23, January 20. Paul Johns was high-point man, winning the 100-yard free style and placing second in the 50-yard free style.

Roosevelt fought a hard battle to tie with Beaumont and Central for second place in the Public High School Swimming Carnival held at Wilson Pool, Washington University, January 27, 1950. Cleveland was the winner of the meet. The Rough Rider team took first in two of the eight events—the 300 yard medley and the 400-yard breast stroke. Dick Zumwalt, state breast stroke champion, again led our attack.

Western Military Academy came to Roosevelt pool February 1 and was defeated 45-30. Paul Johns took both the 100 and 200-yard free-style events (100 yards is five lengths of the pool here at school).

Meeting Soldan-Blewett at the Y. M. H. A., February 2, our swimmers took over the meet completely, capturing six of the seven events and winning both relays. The final score: Roosevelt, 57; Soldan-Blewett, 18.

The Rider aqua-men ended a fine season by taking fourth place with a score of 21 points in the State High School Swimming Meet, February 18, at Wilson Pool. In the preliminaries, Roosevelt qualified in two events and two relays in competition with twelve other schools from all over the state, and every Rooseveltian who qualified placed in his event. The highlight of the day came when our 200-yard free style relay team won first place. The members of this team were Paul Johns, Ray Maurer, Bob Maurer, and Jack Stevenson.

So ended another excellent season and plaudits must go to Coach Neumann, Captain Mueller, and all the members of the team for a great job.

CARL BOSSERT
ALFRED CONZALEZ





Barb. Jane Strasser

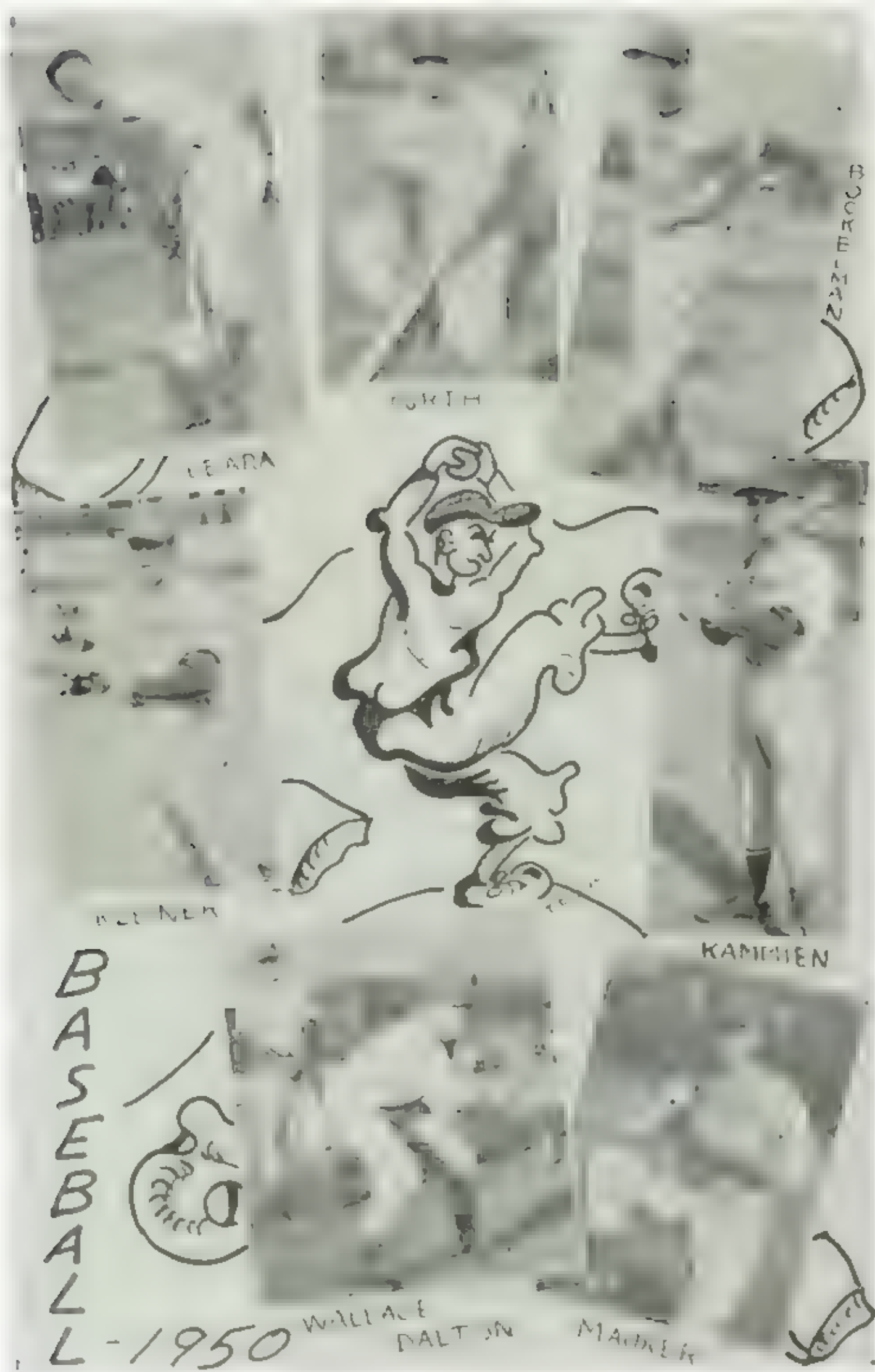


GYM TEAM

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings a Roosevelt gym team works out on various gym equipment. The exercises help develop strength, coordination, and agility on apparatus, which includes horizontal parallel bars, horses, and mats. Mr. Ault, who coaches the team, urges boys to come out as the gym work is an all-around body builder and aids one in track, swimming, or any other sport.

It is hoped that soon the team will be able to participate in interscholastic competition.







BASEBALL

Coach Lake called a meeting of all boys interested in playing baseball at half past eight on the morning of March 2. A large number of boys reported. At the meeting Coach Lake said something to the effect that this might be the championship year. He said there would be no practice inside because of the coal shortage.

A temporary schedule of two periods a day: one at 8:30 a. m. and the other at 3.00 p. m., was laid out by the coach for pitchers and catchers only.

In not too long a time the Roosevelt baseball team was ready for St. Mary's in their first practice game. The final score was Roosevelt 3, St. Mary's 1.

The Rough Riders behind George Leara's pitching and Ray Maurer's hitting at the beginning of the season won game after game. The only other man on the squad that began hitting was little Bobby Kammien.

By the end of the season Bobby Kammien led the team in hitting with a .545 average, and Ray Maurer was second with a .381 average. Both of these boys were rated as two of the best hitters in the league.



Here are the league game scores:

Roosevelt	1	Central	3
Roosevelt	6	Central	2
Roosevelt	7	Soldan-Blewett	6
Roosevelt	0	Southwest	9
Roosevelt	6	Hadley	3
Roosevelt	1	Beaumont	7
Roosevelt	5	McKinley	1
Roosevelt	3	Cleveland	7
Roosevelt	9	Central	12
Roosevelt	5	Soldan-Blewett	3
Roosevelt	9	Southwest	4
Roosevelt	5	Hadley	4
Roosevelt		McKinley	

The Rough Riders with a 7 won and 7 lost record ended in fifth place. The team's batting average was .257.

The regular squad consisted of:

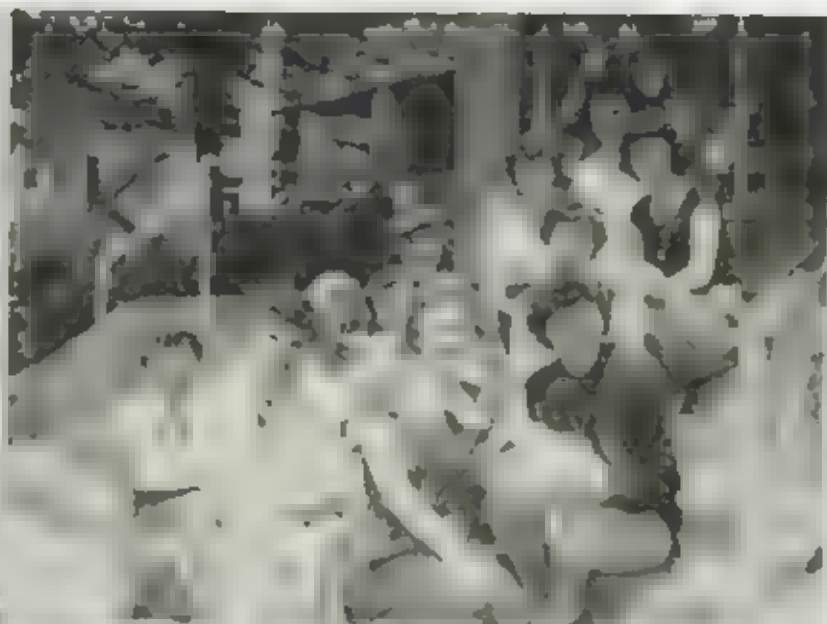
Robert Best	Allan Meek	Bill Friebs
Jack Bolhafner	Jerry Metcalf	Bill Kleiner
Larry Dalton	Don Rakey	Lee Lasater
Jim Fick	Gene Wallace	Les Medley
Bobby Kammien	Charley Backleman	Ray Maurer
Ronald Kurth	Joe Chiecsek	Bob Meyer
George Leara	Al Davis	Charley Raich

The pitching records were:

	Won	Lost
Leara	5	1
Backleman	1	1
Raich	1	2
Friebs	1	1
Dalton	0	0
Rakey	1	4
	JACK WELCH	



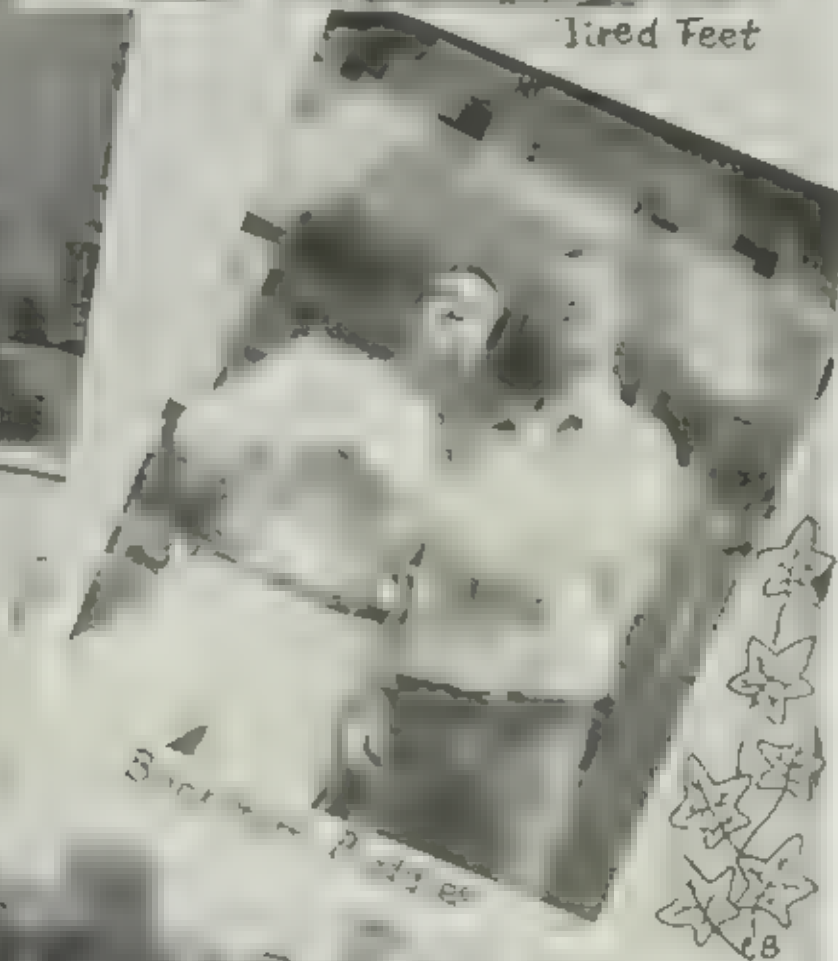
Columbia State Meet



Tired Feet



Louette and Library



Birds and Pigeons



Net and Net



Congress Car

A DAY'S ADVENTURE

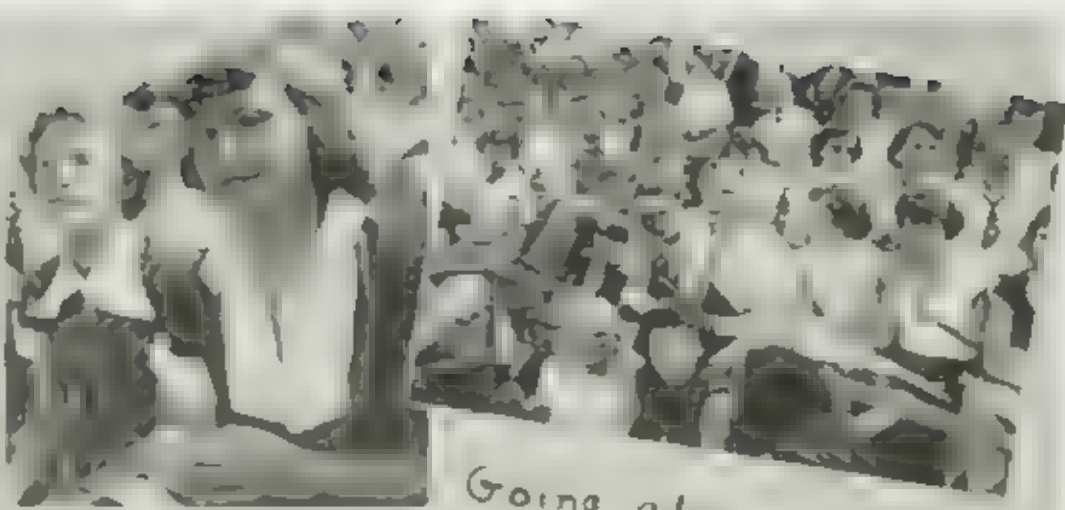
When at last I arrived home, I wasn't quite sure whether to be relieved or not. You see, I had lived such a perfect day, that an ending to it seemed almost cruel, no matter how tired I was. But what had happened that had left me so very happy? Well, let's go back to that morning. Once on the Columbia bound bus, the joy of expectation quickly took hold. We were free for one whole day to do anything we liked, to delve into the mysteries of a strange new place and fancy ourselves explorers. Our feelings soon gave vent to an enormous repertoire of popular songs, cheers, and jokes which must have given the patient bus driver more than one headache. Indeed, it seemed as though we would lose our voices long before the afternoon when our cheers would be most needed.

Columbia itself would be a rather inconspicuous city of plain brick and wood houses and green trees, were it not for the majestic ivy covered university buildings towering above it. The buildings ramble over an extensive area of many green turfed blocks and with their red brick and newer white granite walls rule over the otherwise sleepy town. The guide arranged for us by Mr. Hill led us over a seemingly immense expanse of territory, telling us little tidbits of history and tradition about this building and that. The campus, to our wonder, was divided into two parts, a red one and a white one. The former is fashioned from old red brick structures with well worn marble steps, surrounding the Quadrangle, and the famous six white pillars of the first administration building. The story goes that these are the six deans of Mizzou. But one column from all the rest is different, for here no ivy has ever grown. And truly, it is the old dean whose head is bald.

The White Campus is in the new section, and consists of well-planned buildings laid out in the conventional university style, housing chiefly the sciences and the agricultural colleges. Another not-so-old tradition which we passed on our tour was Tripod, a well-groomed, three-legged mongrel, the university's mascot. Poor little puppy, hobbling about that great big place on his three legs and a stump.

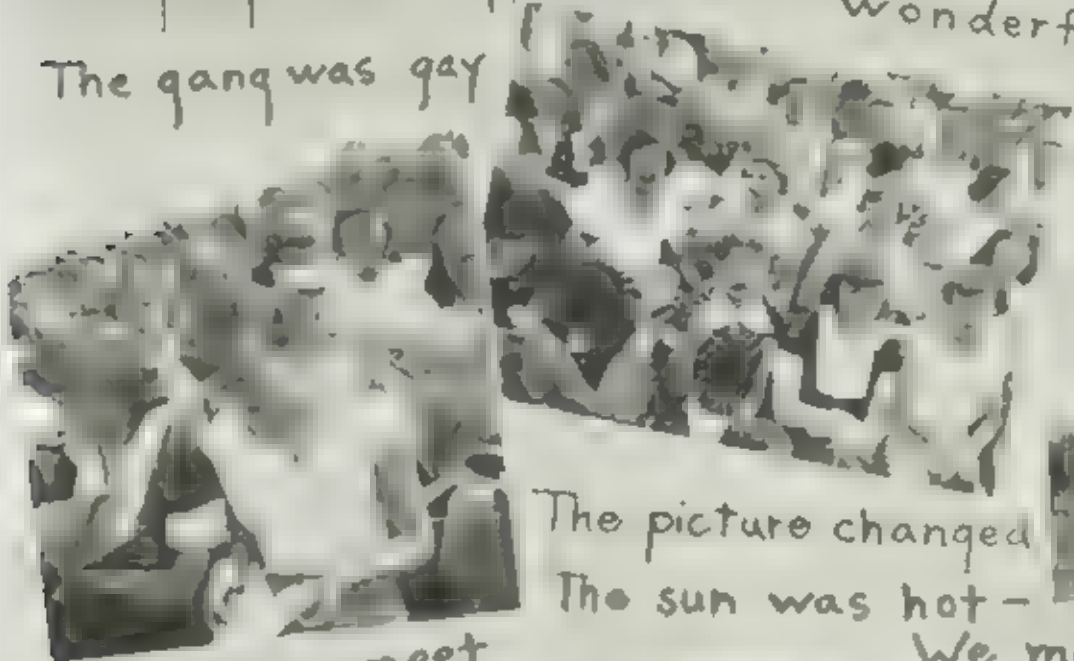
In the afternoon, under a blazing sun, we watched the State Meet the reason for the entire trip. It was an impressive event, held on beautiful Rollins Field and displayed the best competition from all Missouri. Wherever one looked, boys in multi colored silk shorts and brightly dyed training suits were engaged in fervent activity. The high jump, being nearest to our seats, was the main focus of our attention between the relays and dashes. The results of the varied coaching were most interesting to perceive, for some boys approached the bar in a snake like fashion, and then thrust themselves across. Others ran straight, stood a moment, and then, wonder of wonders, jumped feet first, while our own boys cleared the bar with a parallel thrust of their bodies, and fell heavily to the sand on the other side. And so the afternoon passed. Under a blazing sun, our tired track men took only a poor little twenty-seventh place in the State Meet for Roosevelt.

But even this rather bad defeat didn't daunt our spirits as we once again boarded the buses. Instead of an exuberant flow, however, there now came



The gang was happy
The gang was gay

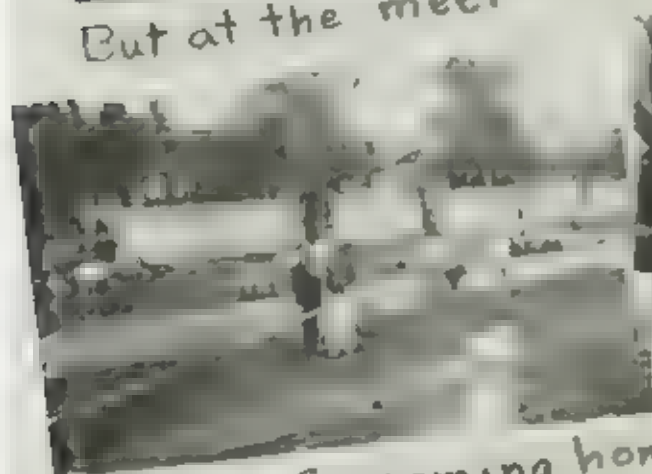
Going along in a
wonderful way



The picture changed
The sun was hot -

But at the meet

We made few gains

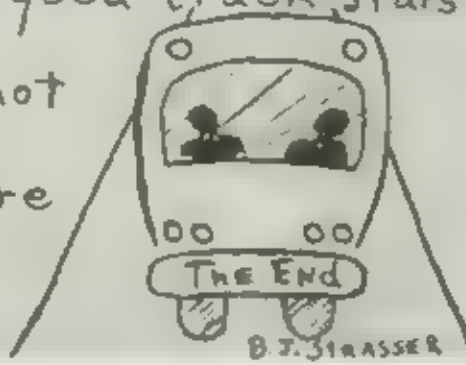


So coming home was
a sad affair

We're good track stars

But not

out there



spurts, for we were all very, very tired. A few were foolish enough to think they could now sleep, but not for long. We were too watchful and malicious, for whenever a peaceful look came over someone's face, he would be suddenly and violently shaken and open his sleepy eyes to look into a teasing face which said, "Nothing doing, there's too much going on now, for you to sleep." And, indeed, there was.

So the trip ended.

But still we had our memories of the fun. At last, a nice soft bed did feel rather good, and the excitement of the day was lost in the oblivion of sleep.

TRAUTE FISCHL



WHY I LIKE TRACK

I like track for a number of reasons. One of these is because track certainly is a great competitive sport. Instead of merely facing one opponent, each time a Roosevelt runner goes to the starting block, he realizes that he has at least five men to beat. Usually this number is seven, and frequently it runs as high as twelve. In the District Meet alone, 538 different boys were entered, with most of them running in more than just a single event.

Then, too, track stresses individual performance. It is all your job to beat the other runners after the gun goes off. There will be no help from anyone; and if, when the race is over, you find yourself at the tail-end of it, you can't shift the blame on anyone else. There is no one, as in baseball, to get that hit for you after striking out with the bases loaded and none out.

In qualifying to be a trackman, a person need not tower over six feet, nor tip the scales at two hundred pounds. "Trackmen are made, not born." The only requirement necessary is the ability to run, and run fast.

Everyone is always given a fair chance when coming out for track. It matters little how well the coach may favor you, if you cannot produce points consistently, someone who can is given the opportunity when the important meets come. Enough time early in the season is given to show one's true worth.

Track definitely has variety also. Putting the shot and pole-vaulting are as different as two things possibly could be. This variety gives every boy participating a chance to find some event at the track meet to suit his ability.

I enjoy track most of all for the way you, the students, here at Roosevelt support it. We are definitely at the top, second to none, when it comes to track school spirit. Every trackman will agree that it really gives us a thrill to look over and see those stands on the east side of the stadium packed with Roosevelt cheerers. Then all that wonderful noise and encouragement as we pass by in our respective races tops everything. This spirit is, no doubt, the main reason for our top rating in track. I shall always remember my two years on the track team as the happiest ones of my life.

GEORGE ADOLF



TRACK AUD

Friday, June 9, we were scheduled for two aud. sessions; two, mind you, and of the two one was the program during which letters and certificates were awarded to the members of the Track Team. The young men on this Roosevelt Track Team have come through this year very successfully, for they placed first in the District Meet and Relay Carnival. No wonder they did, for what else could result from the skillful instruction of our two track coaches, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Ault?

The program was opened by lively music by Mr. Humfeld's band. Then the Track Team members, entering from the rear of the auditorium, marched down the center aisle and up to their seats on the stage. When the boys were seated, Coach Rogers gave a talk on how they won the championship and introduced many of the boys to us. Then Coach Ault added a short talk and awarded certificates and emblems. Now came the moment we were all awaiting! the presentation of the three Track Trophies. The co captains of the Junior Squad, Richard Edwards and Edward Peak, unveiled the trophies. Then the Senior co captains, Guy Kammien and Charlie Moore, presented the beautiful trophies to Mr. Hill. All in all, this aud. gave much encouragement to the boys who gave their best for the school and was a source of pride to the pupils of Roosevelt. Let's give the Track Team and the coaches three big cheers.

CONNIE ROGERS

QUEEN AND MAIDS



FELDA TUPPER

JUNE HALEY

PAT GROSS

GENA LEA LARY

DOROTHY SHAW

PAT WINGMANN



FELDA TUPPER

Track Queen

THE CROWNING OF THE TRACK QUEEN

May 25, 1950

Once a year six girls become the center of the thoughts, speculations, and attentions of the entire student body, for it is from these girls that queen is elected to reign over the major sporting event of the year, Field Night.

Which of these girls would be the Track Queen, was the question the student body was asking as they assembled in the aud the fifth period today. Queries and guesses were passed from neighbor to neighbor, but not even the anxious six themselves knew the answer. With the end of the band music which had kindled the excitement of the student body, the buzz of speculation was hushed.

All was still as the trumpets announced the entrance of the first maid, charming June Haley. She was followed by Dot Shaw, whose smile sparkled like the crown that rested on her dark curls. Next came tall, striking Pat Gross, followed by sweet and dainty Gena Lea Lary. Tension mounted as the last of the track maids, honey-blonde Pat Wingman, entered.

After a final flourish of trumpets the excitement reached its height as Roosevelt greeted its new Track Queen with warm applause. Roosevelt's choice for 1950 is vivacious Felda Lupper. Felda, known for her bubbling personality, beamed happily as she walked down the aisle. Escorted by Mayor Joe Chiecsek, she knelt in her regal crimson robe at the feet of the lovely retiring Queen, Pat Demick, who placed the crown on her head.

Pat then descended from the throne and Felda assumed her place, accepting the applause of her subjects with a radiant smile. After taking her place, she received a gold cup from Joyce Kyle, who represented Pep R. Our new track coach, Dick Ault, gave an entertaining pep talk and introduced the boys of the track team who are to compete in the Field Night events Friday. The aud was closed with the singing of the Alma Mater.

JOAN BAEPLER
CHARLOTTE BUSSE





TRACK

On February 7 our new track coach, Mr. Dick Ault, met with about one hundred boys in the first track meeting of the year. The coal strike delayed our indoor practice for about a week, but our distance men practiced outside and at Tower Grove Park. The twenty-five returning lettermen promised strength in all but the dashes.

The Riders got off to a bad start when they were upset in the first meet on April 1, both the Juniors and Seniors losing to a very well-balanced East St. Louis team. It was the first time in four years that Roosevelt had lost a dual meet to any school other than University City High. There were a few bright spots, however, as Bob McCracken, Chester Probst, Jim Ingalls, Jim Fiala, and Bill Kleppinger won first places in their respective events.

The meet with Beaumont was called off because of cold weather, but our trackmen took another beating in their next meet at the hands of University City on April 9. Charlie Moore became the first Rough Rider of the year to take two firsts in one meet, winning both the half-mile and the senior mile.

Roosevelt shone for the first time as we took second place in the track division at the Maplewood Relays on April 15. Our team would probably have placed in the relay division also if we had not had an unfortunate accident. Guy Kammien fell to the track after hitting the top of a high hurdle. He recovered quickly, however, and his team finished fifth in that relay. Roosevelt fell to sixth place.



B. J. Strassen



Roosevelt crushed the Clevelandites by a score of $122\frac{2}{3}$ to $72\frac{1}{3}$ for their first league triumph of the year. The dual meet, the third in a row, took place on April 20 at the Stadium. Rich Edwards led the strong Juniors with $16\frac{1}{4}$ points. Charlie Moore and Guy Kammien led the Seniors.

On April 24 the Riders smashed McKinley by the satisfying score of 147 to 25. Rich Edwards was again outstanding, leading the Juniors with 15 points; Charlie Fehr led the Seniors. The last three events were not run because of bad weather.

The Relay Carnival, after being once postponed, was held on Thursday, May 4. The Roosevelt Senior Track Team successfully defended its title by winning for the third straight time, 51-46. The Juniors fared worse, however, as the best they could do was to place second, losing to Beaumont, 47-43. The Senior 480-yard Shuttle Relay, consisting of Gene Flonda, Guy Kammien, Carl Bossert, and Charles Fehr, shaved 2.10 of a second from the old record.

In the twenty-third annual District Track and Field Meet at the Public School Stadium on Saturday, May 6, our Seniors took second place and our Juniors fifth. High-vaulting Larry Link took first in the senior pole vault, and Carl Bossert tied for first in the high jump.

The meet with McKinley was called off. Coach Ault took eleven boys to Columbia, Missouri, to participate in the State Meet on May 13. He expected several of our boys to place, but only Chet Probst fulfilled his expectations, taking fourth in the 440 yard dash to gain our only points.

The meets with Soldan-Blewett and Hadley were cancelled because of their nearness to Field Night.

Roosevelt slipped in their fourth consecutive championship victory to win again the Public Track title on a split Field Night schedule. After nine events had been completed on Friday, at which time Beaumont was leading by a good margin, rain forced the postponement of the meet until the following Thursday, June 1. There was no admission to the second part, which was held at four o'clock in the afternoon. The final score was 116.16 points for Roosevelt, while Beaumont finished a close second with 111.56 points. The Seniors won their division by 71.13 to 50.56 for Beaumont. The Juniors were second to Beaumont's 61 points with 44.56. Charlie Moore, again proving our most consistent individual runner, won the mile run and was second in the 880-yard run.



The results are:

SENIORS

Mile Run—Charlie Moore, first; Byington, fifth. Time—4:4, 4:8.
120-yard High Hurdles—Kammien, second.
Broad Jump—Krohn, second.
Shot Put—Brown, third; Boehle, fifth.
High Jump—Carl Bossert, tied for first. Height—5 feet, 6 inches.
440-yard Dash—Probst, second; Rutherford, third.
880-yard Run—Moore, second; Adolph, fourth.
220-yard Low Hurdles—Fehr, second; Bossert, fourth.
Mile Relay—Roosevelt, first (Bob McCracken, Joe Davidson, George Rutherford, Chester Probst). Time—3:40.
Pole Vault—Jim Ingalls, first; Link, second. Height—10 feet, 8 inches.

JUNIORS

Broad Jump—Edwards, fourth; Joe Succio, fifth.
Shot Put—Fiala, third; Short, fifth.
120-yard Low Hurdles—Edwards, third; Leara, fourth.
220-yard Dash—Peek, third.
880-yard Run—Kleppinger, third.
880 yard Relay—Roosevelt second (Rich Edwards, Ed Peek, Joe Succio, and Lloyd Williams).
Pole Vault—Jack Parr, first; Risler, tied for third. Height—10 feet.
High Jump—Leara, first; Krause, tied for second. Height—6 feet, 4 inches.

FINAL STANDINGS

School	Points
Roosevelt	116 1 6
Beaumont	111 5 6
Cleveland	76
Hadley	49 5 6
Southwest	29
McKinley	21 2 3
Soldan-Blewett	18
Central	14 1 2

LYLE NEEDHAM



ON TRACK '51

Even though I was half asleep during the *Bacana* meeting that morning one ear perked up as I heard the sweet-sounding words, "track men". What's this? Something about track-men interviews? Now with both ears flapping and my eyes wide open, I listened intently as we discussed the possibility of write-ups of some of our track heroes. We voted for it. (There was a majority of girls at the meeting that morning.)

Naturally every girl wanted to take advantage of such an opportunity so we all had our hands waving frantically in the air. Having been chosen as one of the lucky interviewers, the next problem at hand was, with so many track men and so many very good track men, whom should I interview? Well, who would be better than Charlie Fehr, co-captain of our 1951 track team?

Charlie is seventeen years old, exactly six feet tall, has sandy-brown hair and hazel eyes. You have probably seen him as he sprints (one of my newly acquired track expressions) from class to class, or speaks with Coach Ault, or runs around the track like greased lightning (he ran the 200-yard low hurdles in 23.7 seconds), taking the hurdles as easily as they come.

He is active in several track sports, but is best known by his ability in the 120-yard high hurdles, 880-yard relay and two years ago, the broad jump. Last term while a sixth termmer he placed second in the 200-yard low hurdles Field Night. He first lettered in track when he was but a two and has kept up his good record ever since.

Charlie's favorite subjects are math and chem. He has been a member of the Lettermen's Club since it has been in existence and this term he is secretary.

Good sport, fine athlete, friendly, and nice looking, it is easy to see why Charlie is well liked by his classmates and teachers both and we all wish him a successful year in track and as captain of our 1951 team.

RUTH EDELMANN





TENNIS 1950

The Roosevelt tennis team, under the direction of Coach Lorenzen, finished third in the Public High Tennis Tournament for the 1950 season. The only returning lettermen were Charles Sauselle and Don Busch, the fact that there were only two was a handicap to the team

The final standing in the league was:

	Won	Lost
Beaumont	31	2
Soldan-Blewett	27	6
Roosevelt	24	11
Southwest	24	11
Cleveland	13	22
Hadley	8	27
McKinley	7	28
Central	4	31

Roosevelt's individual scoring was:

	Won	Lost
Charles Sauselle	5	2
Don Busch	4	3
Richard Benjamin	4	3
Alan Gruben	5	2
Bob Hendrickson	5	2
Ted Grimm	6	1
Gilbert Marx	6	1

BARBARA JANE STRASSER

One Hundred Thirteen



FOOTBALL 1950

The 1950 football season will have to be classified as a disappointing one, even though the team wound up with a fine league record of four wins and only two losses, which was good enough for third place and an over-all mark of five victories and three defeats. Selected by the various newspapers before the season to capture the Public League title, Roosevelt managed league victories over Central, Cleveland, McKinley, and Soldan Blewett, being defeated only by Beaumont and Southwest. The non-league games included a win from C. B. C. and a loss to St. Louis U. high. The highlights of the entire season came in the last game when Ray Maurer scored 19 points single handed to capture the Public High League scoring race.

PRE-LEAGUE GAMES

St. Louis U. High Noses Out Roosevelt

On September 22, the Rough Riders opened their 1950 football season being barely nosed out 13-6 by the Junior Bills, who already had one game under their belts. St. Louis U. High scored first in the first quarter on a pass play that covered 34 yards. The plunge for the extra point was good.

One Hundred Fourteen

The rest of the half was a stalemate, with neither side threatening to score. Early in the second half, Ray Maurer climaxed a long drive by scoring from the 15-yard line. However, the extra point was missed. The Junior Bills made their final touchdown on another pass play early in the fourth quarter. Final score, St. Louis U. High 13, Roosevelt 6.

Roosevelt Defeats C. B. C.

In their second non-league game, Friday, September 29, Roosevelt downed C. B. C. 12-7. The improved Rough Rider team scored on the first play as Ray Maurer raced around right end 70 yards for the first touchdown. The try for the extra point was unsuccessful. Roosevelt again scored in the second quarter when Rich White scored from the 12-yard line. The kick for the extra point was not good. So ended the first half with Roosevelt ahead 12-0.

The second half opened with a bang as C. B. C. received the kickoff and returned the ball 86 yards for a touchdown. The kick for the extra point was good, making the score Roosevelt 12, C. B. C. 7. The rest of the second half was scoreless, but was high-lighted by good defensive play.

LEAGUE GAMES

Roosevelt Crushes Central

On Saturday, October 7, the team looked very impressive in its first league encounter as Roosevelt soundly trounced Central, 38-13. Maurer opened the scoring from 14 yards out. The extra point was good. Successive touchdowns by Kammien, Chiecsek, and White made the score 25-0 before Central scored shortly near the half. The scoring tamed down in the second half as the team substituted freely, but during the fourth quarter, with the regulars back in, two more touchdowns were made, one by Chiecsek and the other by Maurer. Both were from a little over 20 yards out. Central managed to score once in the last quarter.

Rough Riders Smash Dutchmen

Roosevelt defeated its south side rival Cleveland, Saturday night, October 14, to the tune of 19-7. It was a hard-fought game by both teams. For almost the whole first half the game remained a deadlock. However, in the last play of the half, Rich White unraveled a 40 yard pass to Joe Chiecsek who ran the last 10 yards for the touchdown. Ray Maurer's kick was good. At the half the Riders were ahead 7-0.

In the third quarter, due to penalties, many long Roosevelt runs were nullified. The quarter was scoreless as Cleveland's offensive was stopped cold. With eight minutes to play, Roosevelt scored on a series of running plays, the final one being a 10-yard drive by Maurer. After this the Cleveland team scored their one touchdown and made their extra point.

Returning the kickoff, Ray Maurer high lighted the game with his 80 yard run as the Riders again scored. The game ended Roosevelt 19, Cleveland 7.

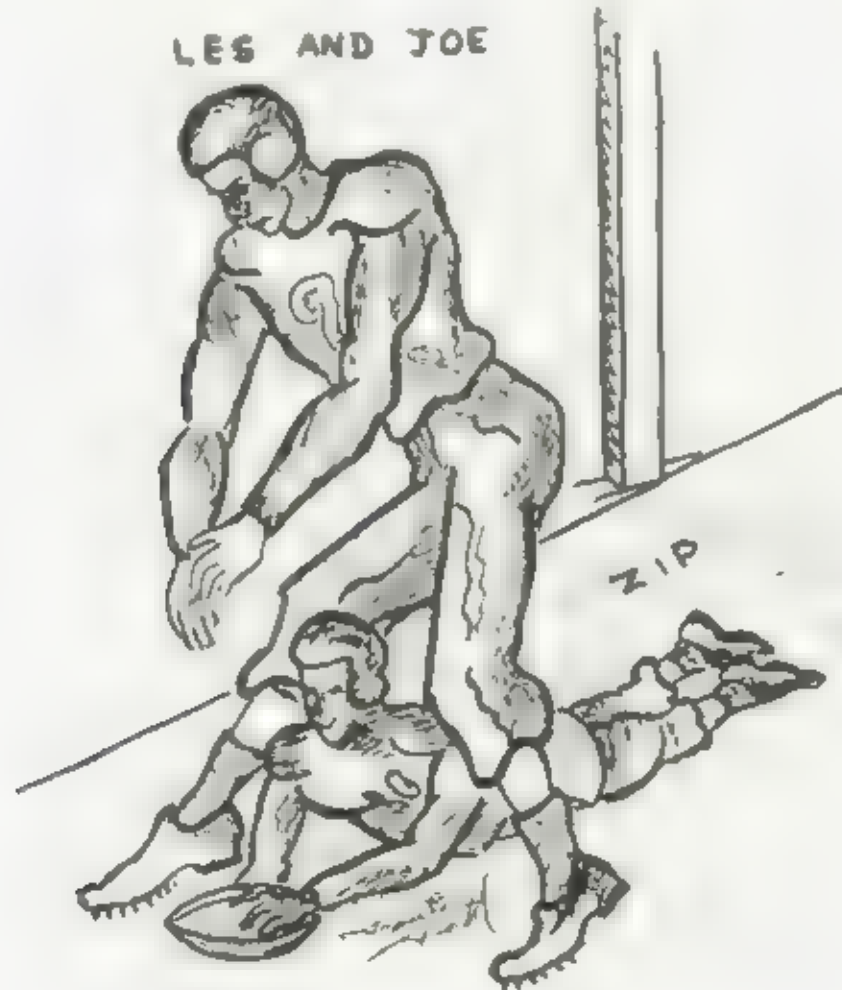
Southwest Upsets Roosevelt

Roosevelt suffered its first league defeat, fighting the Southwest squad Monday night, October 30, by the score of 20-0. The Longhorns started their success early, as they recovered a fumble on the Rough Riders' 15 yard line the second play of the game and took the ball over from there. The kick for the extra point split the uprights. After that, Roosevelt settled down to play the defensive ball till the half. Toward the beginning of the third quarter, Southwest again crossed our goal line, capitalizing on another Roosevelt fumble. The kick for the extra point again was good as the Longhorns led 14-0 after three quarters. The final touchdown was made as the result of a blocked kick recovered by a Southwest player, who then carried the ball over to make the score read Southwest 20, Roosevelt 0, as the game ended.

Beaumont Defeats Roosevelt

On Saturday, November 4, the Riders were downed by a powerful Beaumont eleven 21-7.

In the first quarter Beaumont scored a touchdown on a pass play. The extra point was good. In the second quarter, the Riders were scored upon again, by a pass play; the kick for the extra point was good. After this, Roosevelt marched to their one touchdown first on a series of running plays to the 47, and then Rich White unfurled a pass to Ray Maurer for the scoring. The extra point was good. In the third quarter the Blue Jackets scored their last touchdown and made the extra point.





Roosevelt Defeats McKinley

An old-time jinx was definitely broken November 11 as a fighting Roosevelt eleven shut out McKinley for the second year, this time by the score of 13-0. This decisively snapped the Goldbugs' reign over the Riders in football, a superiority which stretched from 1936 to 1949. All of the scoring took place in the second quarter with the first touchdown climaxing a 60 yard march. Maurer set it up with several long gains with Kammien finally going over from the 2-yard line. The extra point was good. A few plays later the crowd received its biggest thrill of the cold night as Richard White took a hand-off, cracked over left tackle, and then cut to the right side of the field to scamper 87 yards behind some fine blocking for a touchdown. The extra point this time was missed. Throughout the rest of the game Roosevelt was content to play defensive ball, as the team thoroughly enjoyed this victory over its bitterest rival.

The following boys received football letter awards: Bob Acherman, Robert Bledsoe, Don Boehle, Joe Chiecsek, Vince De Blaze, Bill Dunavan, Jim Fiala, Frank Fuca, Jim Ingalls, Bob Kammien, Tony Leara, Ray Maurer, Milton McBride, Jim McLane, Les Medley, Tom O'Driscoll, Ed Peek, Wayne Plumlee, Charles Raich, Don Rakey, Art Rebe, Richard Street, Ken Tretter, Rich White, Rich Zoellner.

Provisional letters were awarded to Gene Mattler, Jack Parr, Chester Vlasak.

Managers' letters went to Ray Hancock, Robert Shoults.

A great deal of thanks and praise are due Coaches Lake and Rogers. The entire school owes thanks to the boys who made up the team and did their best on the field.

GEORGE ADOLF
CARL BOSSERT



THE FOOTBALL GAME

(Enter: girl and date.)

"I just love football! Hear the band? I can't wait to see the game. Ch, wait a second before we go in. I want a little flag with Roosevelt on it. Please, I think they're so cute. It won't hurt you to wait a tiny bit longer.

"See, it didn't take so long. Now hurry up. I hate to be late. Is this where we go in? My, this is big. Look, there's Barbara! Yoohoo! Oh, let's go sit with them. Oh, no, of course, I don't want to sit in the center. It's too crowded. I think people are silly to sit in one spot. Yes, I'll sit down in a minute, but I have to see who's sitting in the top. Yoohoo, Addie! My, I never knew so many people came to football games. I'm going to love it.

"Why are all the players leaving? It's the half? That's when the bands march, isn't it? See, I know a lot about football. Stop complaining. We didn't get here so late. The man just said the score was still tied.

"I'm so hungry. There's the popcorn man. Get me some. Go on, yell a little louder. Mister, mister, we want some. Yum, thigh hobcorg is goog.

"Here come the players again. My, some of them have terribly dirty suits. You would think they would be more careful. Sss! Boom! I smell hot dogs. Oh, I'm starved. Please, get me one. You won't miss anything. I'll tell you all about it when you get back. And I want loads of mustard.

"Gracious, I'm a mess. I'd better comb my hair before he gets back. Now, where's my lipstick? Um.

"Why are they making so much noise? Oh, it's time to SSS again. Boom!

"Oh, thank you. No, nothing happened. Somebody finally got to the end of the field, though. Is that what a touchdown is? Well, my goodness, how should I know? Yes, I'll be quiet and watch the game, but you explain it to me. Why are they all down on their hands and knees? Did they lose something?

"I know what you just said, but I'm just dying of thirst. Honest I am. Please, pretty please, get me a coke. That's a dear.

"My, they ought to give you two straws. Why, where's everyone going? The game can't be over yet. We just got here. Oh, well, I just love football."

CHARLOTTE BUSSE



One Hundred Nineteen



CROSS-COUNTRY

The Roosevelt Cross Country team enjoyed a moderately successful season in 1950. Coach Ault took over the sport for the first time this year.

After suffering a defeat by Hadley, the team raced back to finish second to Beaumont in a meet that also included University City, C. B. C., Central, and St. Louis University High.

On October 27, the two milers bested Central and continued their victory string the following week by crushing University City 23-33 (low score wins).

The climax to the season came November 10, as the State Cross-Country run was held in Forest Park while very cold weather prevailed. Sixteen schools entered. Roosevelt finished sixth. Tom Lloyd was the first Roosevelt man to finish, taking seventeenth place. He was followed by Charles Moore, Jim Hindle, Niles Woodney, and Jim Martin in that order.

The following boys earned letters: Captain Charles Moore, Tom Lloyd, Jim Hindle, Niles Woodney, Jim Martin.

GEORGE ADOLF





CHEER LEADERS

Captain: Georgia Lazanas

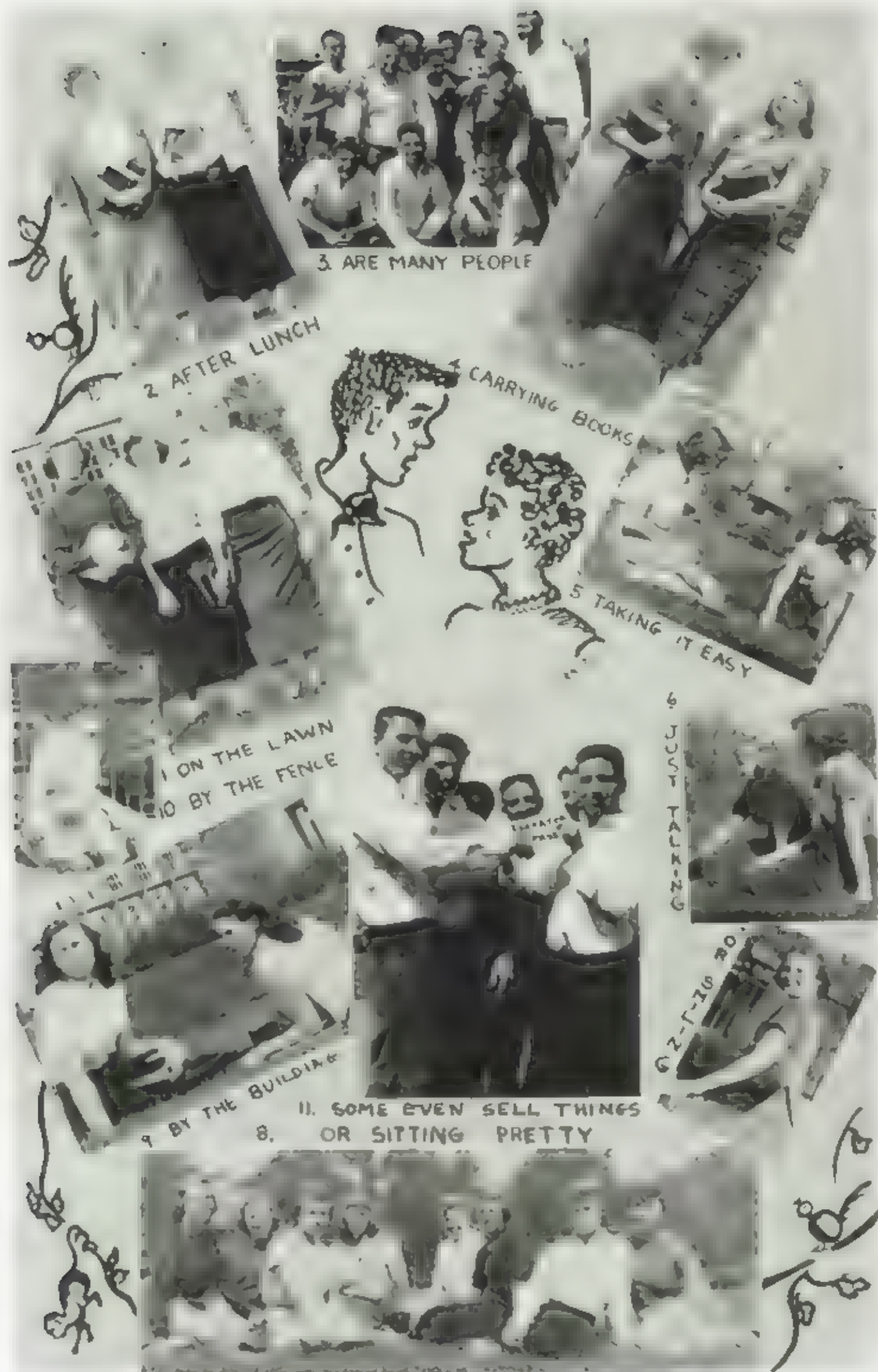
What individuals do most to enliven school spirit? What individuals are an indispensable part of all the athletic meets? The team, of course, but who else is there to spur the team on and get the fans really stirred up? Why, the cheer leaders, naturally!

A cheer leader is the side-show at a game, and her duties are very numerous. Besides acting as a primer to set off the cheers of the crowd and boost the morale of the team, the cheer leader is the ever-present epitome of school spirit. She takes part in selling tickets and publicizing other school activities. She must be present at all football and basketball games and at all track meets.

All cheer leaders are members of Pep R. Each year they elect a captain whose chief duty is to name the cheers and to direct them. At graduation all cheer leaders are awarded a Cheer Leader's R, which is a rightfully earned symbol of school spirit!

JANET HARGROVE







SIDE GLANCES

Unlabeled Excerpt

Today is the day you have all been waiting for! At last, your *Bwana*. Now the fun begins—rushing around—signing everyone's *Bwana*—everyone else signing yours—yes, you're signing even your own! But it's all loads of fun and part of the memories you'll carry away with you from Roosevelt.

Perhaps some day in about twenty years or so you'll be cleaning the attic, or the basement, or the closet, and you'll come across a battered-up old box, and you'll say to yourself, "Now what in the world is in this old box? Why, can you imagine all the stuff you saved from your high school days. And you'll find a dance program and a class schedule, your first corsage, a shaker from "Field Night," and, of all things, a detained slip. And then maybe you'll run across a football pass or a "Hello Day" tag (the one that Johnny K. signed "My goodness, he was cute!"), a napkin from Steak and Shake and countless Rough Riders—and you'll recall the puzzlement on your friends' faces when they saw their souls' secrets bared in "The Vacuum Cleaner"—they didn't know that you and Babs were on the staff.

And "way down deep" among all of these will be your *Bwanas*. You will laugh as you look through them. "Did I ever look like that? Hmmm. I seem to have added a few pounds here and there—and just look at Eddie W. I'll never in all my days forget the time I walked down the steps with—I mean he walked down with me. And I fell. Oh, dear, that was so embarrassing!" And then you'll turn the page and chuckle as you see all your old friends as they looked "in the good old days".

But if you have fun when you do that, just wait until there are about six or eight of you together. Someone is just bound to say, "Guess whom I saw the other day—Harry L.—and you should see how fat he is, and nearly bald, too. What, you don't remember him? Well, get out your old *Bwanas*, I'll show him to you." Then all of you will start reminiscing again. "Look at Susie Q. She used to be quite attractive. I never thought she would be an old maid". And there's Elmer Fuddywinkle, he's married now and has ten children, they say his wife rules their little roost. Oh, of course, you remember him, he was captain of the football team.

And so it goes—on and on. You're reminded again and again of your years at Roosevelt, the fun you had, the classes you struggled through with countless other fellows and girls, those teachers that weren't as bad as you thought they were, and everything else that came with those four wonderful years at Roosevelt High School.

RUTH EDELMANN



OTHER OFFICERS

JANUARY '50 - JUNE '50

EDITORS

ROUGH RIDER

BWANA



MARLENE BASTIAN

DON MUELLER

DOROTHY SHAW

JACK WELCH

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

CITIZENSHIP PUBLIC RELATIONS FINANCE

ATHLETIC



DICK EGGERDING

LEE DAVISON

BOB KAMMEN

BOB PARKS

PROPERTY

INTERGROUP

SOCIAL

PUBLICITY



RAY MAURER

AL GONZALEZ

PAT MUTH

BETSY EDWARDS

BWANA CALENDAR

January 30—The wide-eyed New Jays are introduced to Roosevelt and sign up for classes.

February 1—Wednesday—first day for classes. Everyone is quite busy making new, and renewing old, acquaintances.

February 2—Look at all the old and new big wheels going into their Thursday hangout, Room 301. Yep! Student Council has its first meeting of the term today.

The lucky fellows of the Swimming Team are to be excused this afternoon for a meet. Let's hope you swim right into first place, boys!

February 3—Say, of course, you know what happens tomorrow, don't you? Why, we're going to win another basketball game. From McKinley, this time.

February 6—First *Bwana* meeting of the new term in Room 328 at 8:15. Look at all those bright, shining, wide-awake faces—Snore!!!

February 7—No wonder the boys all look so smug. They get excused from their fifth period class tomorrow to attend an aud. given by Fisher Body Corporation. Some people have all the luck!

February 8—Come on, you girls! Put more pep into those school games. Attend the Pep R meeting after school today.

February 9—Today, Roosevelt's halls were honored by a most unusual visitor. It was Mr. Graywhiskers, a little gray cat, who calmly took his morning bath outside Room 11 during the busy morning rush to classes.

What was that that just whizzed by? Why, that was one of our future track stars. Practice begins today, under Coach Dick Ault.

February 10—Those great, big, new, proud, shining, etc., Sevens had their first meeting today. Their new officers are: President, Dick Eggerding, Vice-President, Margie Snooks, Secretary, Dot Shaw, Treasurer, Carl Bossert; Sergeant-at-Arms, Eugene Florida.

February 13—Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The Journalism Club of Roosevelt High School shall have its first meeting on the morrow, February 14, at fifteen o'clock in Room 227. Everyone come!

February 14—Get up a party and everybody come to the Monroe City game here at your home school grounds at 3:15 p. m. Admission at the door 25 cents.

February 16—Wheel! Look at the list of clubs that are starting off with a bang! Girls' Basketball, Tadpoles, G. A. A., Girls' Badminton—Hey! Wait a minute, where do the boys come in? Oh, way down here in small print. "Aeronautics Club meeting Wednesday, February 17."

February 17—Humm! This sounds interesting. A brief assembly. Wonder what that could be? Let's hurry and have a look.

February 21—What do you know? An aud! It's for Brotherhood Week, but we should try to remember its philosophy all year, not only this week.

A fine program is presented by the Intergroup Choir and speakers from our own school, Vashon, and C. B. C.

February 22—Hurray for George! Washington, that is. No school today. We have a wonderful five-day holiday until Monday because of Mr. Lewis and his coal strikers. Really, though, we don't mind too much.

- March 1—Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Today's the day the Rough Rider comes out with brand-new features and cartoons.
- March 2—This morning some engineering students from Washington U show us their stuff. Though they have some trouble getting enough current due to the coal shortage, we see some super sparks and other demonstrations. They also invite everyone to a big show to be held at the university on March 17 and 18. It should be mighty good.
- March 6—Oh me, another Monday, but we do get off at 2:30 p. m. Seniors have a meeting. Something's brewing! Yes, it sure is. A Senior Prom.
- March 8—Oh, lucky us! The seventh period the Northwest Missouri State Teachers College Band under Mr. Paul Strub offers us a varied program. "Boogie Woogie Broccoli" is more to our taste than regular broccoli, as is the rest of "Victory Garden Suite". "Midnight Over Manhattan" is conducted by its composer, Mr. Armon Adams, a member of the band.
- Marvin Marx is announced as the winner of the Bausch and Lomb Science Award.
- March 9—To be, or not to be: that is the question. Will or won't Twos and Threes be admitted to Student Council?
- The following Roosevelt students are among the winners of the 1949-1950 Star-Times Regional Scholastic Writing Awards Contest: Kenneth Blaker, first place in the Humor Department; Donald Mueller, second place in the Radio Script Department; Margaret Ann Whitney, fourth place winner in the poetry division.
- March 10—All Sonja Henies meet at the Winter Garden at 3:00 p. m. today.
- The last day of getting off early because of the coal shortage. Oh, those Monday blues.
- The reconditioning of our baseball diamond and track field is finished today. No excuse now, fellows!
- March 13—Back to regular time this week.
- March 14—Attention, mermaids! Swimming Club meeting after school.
- Do we have to pay income tax today? No. G. A. A. dues.
- Velta Evans, Mary Govro, Georgia Lazanas, Jean Lemakis and Leona Nelson are awarded the coveted G. A. A. "R".
- March 15—All Barrymores and Cornells, come to Dramatic Club meeting after school in Room 402. Dance Club meeting, too, in Room 122.
- March 16—Tadpoles, be prepared to wiggle your tails today.
- March 17—Pardon my brogue! Today all the lads and lassies are wearing their shamrock green in honor of good old St. Patrick.
- March 20—Well, another blue Monday——
- March 21—At last it's come! The day of report cards.
- March 22—We sho' ah lucky today. The North Carolina All-State Band is heah to play fo' us.
- March 24—9 p. m. The Silver Jubilee Concert is on. Tunes of twenty-five years ago, a rich, amusing rendition of "Three Trees" by Dorothy Penn, a variation of "Schnitzelbank" and flute, saxophone, and horn solos make for an enjoyable evening.
- April 3—Want to be a part of Hollywood's romantic picture? All second and third termers who are interested in sound picture projection, report to Miss Cutter in Room 109 today.

April 4—Attention, Seniors! Meeting of senior class in the auditorium Tuesday.

April 6—Calling all girls who are interested in nursing as a career! A picture will be shown the first period for all who are interested.

April 7—Come out to the Science Fair at Washington University Field House and see the exhibits entered by Roosevelt students. Soak in science the easy way.

April 10—It seems the Board of Education has been losing needed money from the state because it doesn't have an accurate count of the number of school-age children in the city; so-o, today and tomorrow we get off at twelve noon. Of course, there is no joy among the teachers, who have to work until 6:00 o'clock this afternoon. Some pupils are also working as volunteers.

April 11—Off at twelve again today. What a life of ease we lead!

April 12—With the enumeration over, we're back at our usual grind.

April 13—The Board of Education's new radio station, KSLH, the Voice of the St. Louis Public Schools, goes on the air for the first time today. A large number of Roosevelt students will participate in the opening ceremonies.

April 14—It's Pan-American Day. Three fine speeches, some songs from Spanish-speaking countries by the Carol Club, and a great dance routine by Miss Fager's girls give us knowledge and pleasure.

April 15—It's Saturday and the day of the big Maplewood Relays. Roosevelt didn't live up to its previous performances in this meet, but we did take second place in the Open Division.

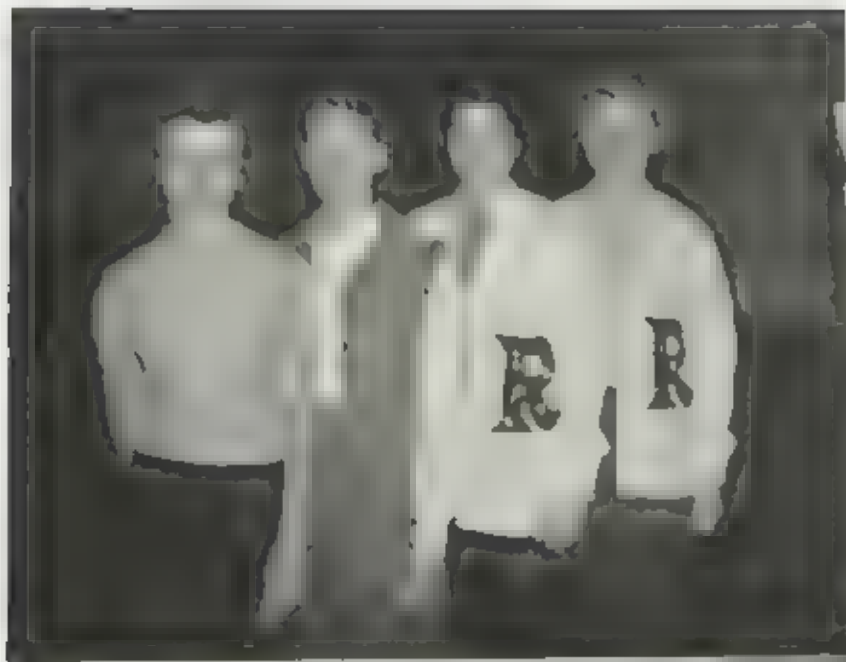
April 18—Today the "High School Revue" program is tape-recorded at Roosevelt for re-broadcast this coming Sunday, April 22, at 1:00 p. m. on KWK. All Rooseveltians put their best foot forward with lovely music by the band and orchestra and songs by Dick Eggerding, Marian Marshall, and the A Cappella Choir. And we really cheer our heads off to let Saint Louis know that we have spirit! Let's have every Rooseveltian listening Sunday!

April 21—The big alumni reunion came off in great style this Friday night. About 2500 former Rooseveltians returned to greet old friends and see again the halls of their twenty-five-year-old Alma Mater. Everyone had a grand old time as the halls of Roosevelt were filled with the sounds of music carried over loudspeakers from the stage where couples danced from 9:00 to 11:00 p. m. to the music of Alumni President Kenneth Linzemann's band.

Don't forget to remind all alumni representatives of the meeting to be held soon to organize a permanent Alumni Association.

April 25—"R a g g m o-p p. Rag Mop!" This song and others mixed with laughter, which emanated from the aud. the fifth period are part of a bang-up Clean-Up program. Grab your mops and pails. We're on our way!

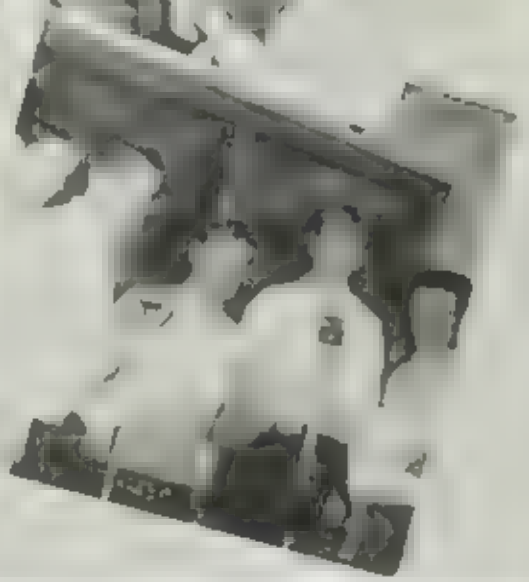
April 28—What's this? Four o'clock and the class-rooms are still full of pupils! Is April Fool's Day a month late? No, the electricians are changing clocks for daylight saving time, Monday.



STUDENTS—



— AND OTHERWISE



Congratulations to the Sixes' officers: Bob Kamminen, president; Jim Hindle, vice-president; Margaret Hilsinger, secretary; Janet Ulrich, treasurer; and Les Medley, sergeant-at-arms.

May 2—The Day! Today is report card day. Those lucky Seniors who got grades above "M" can go down to Room A during study periods.

May 3—All Pep R girls, come to Room 211 for a short meeting after school tonight.

May 4—Today we are entertained by the choral clubs of Harris. Two of the songs that make a big hit are "The Surry with the Fringe on Top" and "Some Enchanted Evening."

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Where? Out to the stadium. Remember the Track and Field Relays are tonight. All Roosevelt rooters are to sit in the crimson and white decorated east stands.

May 5—Senior privileges start today. Don't forget the Seniors "Maytime Playtime" tonight. The Music Masters will play.

May 8—Sixes, make use of your privilege as upper classmen by voting for your first class button in Room 223.

May 10—Well, we are called on the carpet today and justly so by "Little Joe" who reprimanded us for the unruly conduct of a few persons in a recent aud.

All budding politicians who wish to run for mayor, report to Room 6 today with your campaign manager.

May 11—The fate of future auds. hangs in the balance today as Council meets. What will their verdict be?

May 12—Council's decision is . . . "more auds."

In the aud. session today one of our students, James Knudsen, receives the reward for his clean-up poster, which had won first place in the contest. Al Gonzalez for the fall term and Don Mueller for the spring term are awarded the Harvard Book Prizes.

Be among the first to get a glimpse of the six lovely candidates for Track Queen at the First Annual Sports Dance tonight. Music by the Music Masters.

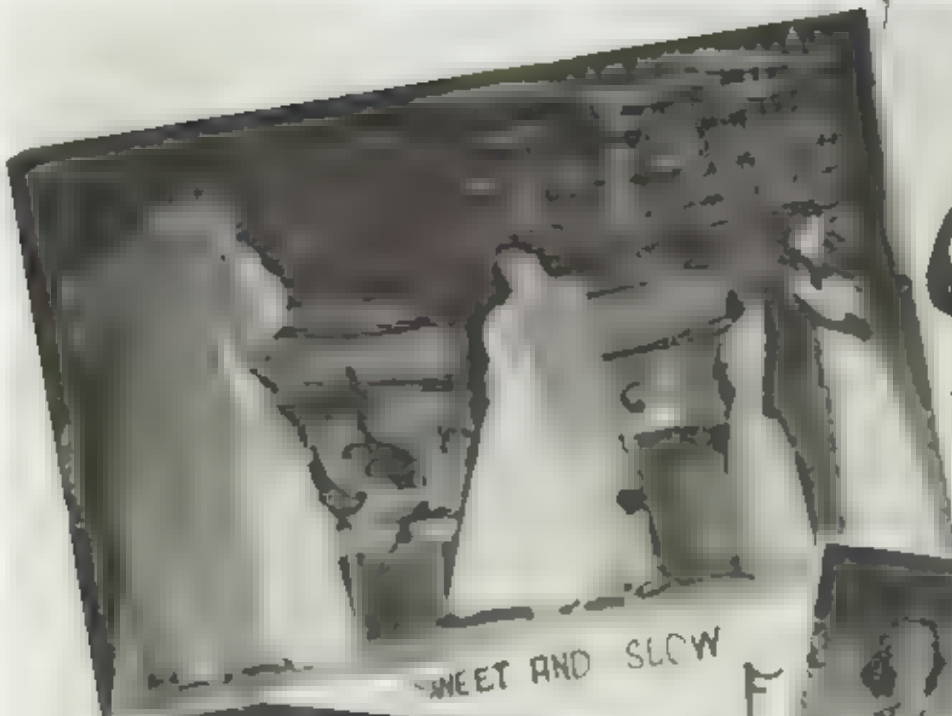
May 15—Who says we have no school spirit? One hundred sleepy but exuberant Rooseveltians arrive at 7 a. m. to travel to Columbia for the State Track Meet.

May 18—Today we have the pleasure of hearing "Rosemarie" Marshall and "Jim" Eggerding. Has a more uniformly excellent operetta ever been presented at Roosevelt? We doubt it.

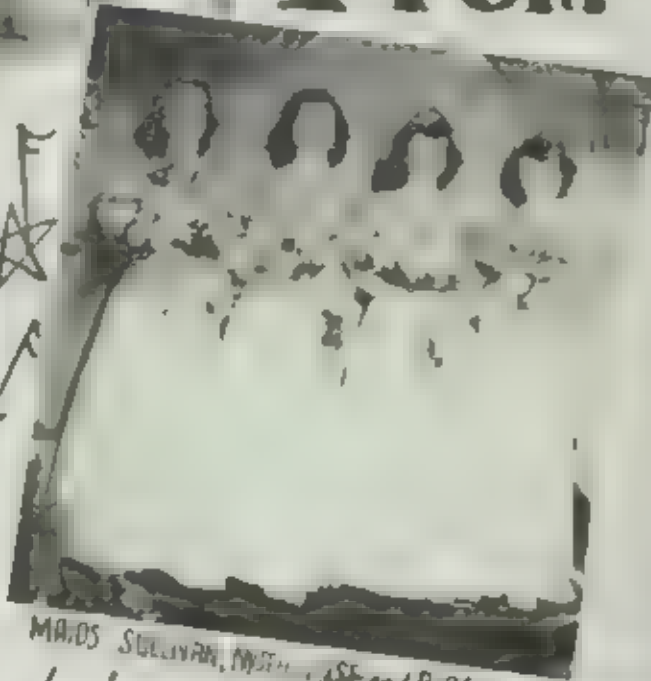
May 23—Today's aud. is one where merit and beauty are given special honor. Scholarship pins are awarded to: Diane Abernathy, Marian Albrecht, Richard Benjamin, Ranka Bogdanovitch, Pat Coyte, Traute Fischl, Janet Hargrove, David Heartinger, Pat Hezel, Kate Hilliker, Sue Miller, Marjorie Myers, Shirley Pierce, Helen Porter, Margaret Rheine, Vlasta Strnad, Beverly Taylor, Janet Ulrich, and Pat Stephens. Service Pins are awarded to Vivian Alles, Marlene Bastian, Helen Curran, Ann Emery, John Follmer, Maralyn Heim, Lester Maze, John Morris, Charles Mueller, Richard Raffel, Billie Schlueter, Janice Wilson, and Arlayne Ziegler.

*So many beautiful
a very special
girl enjoyed this*

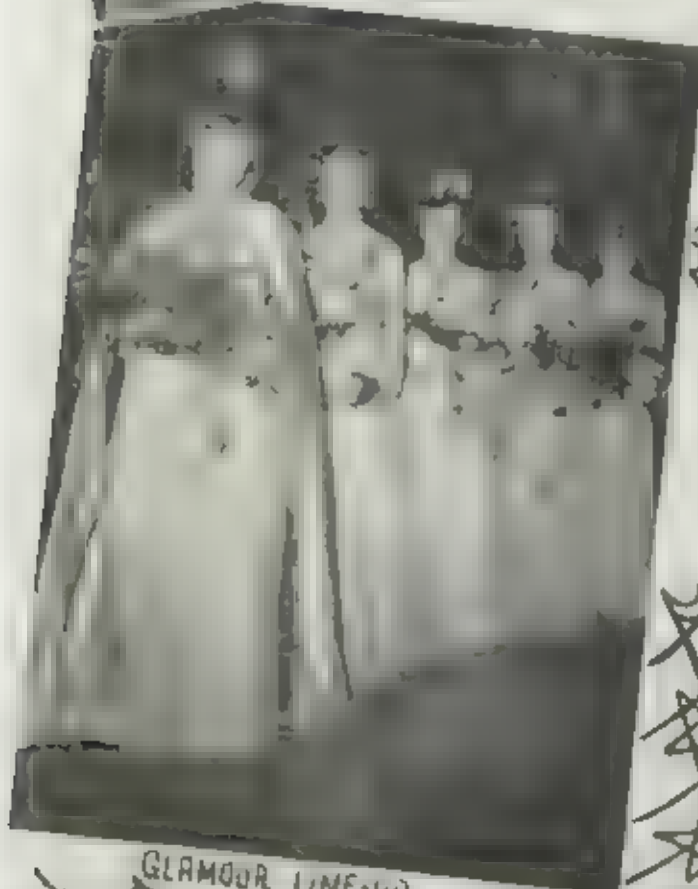
☆ Senior Prom



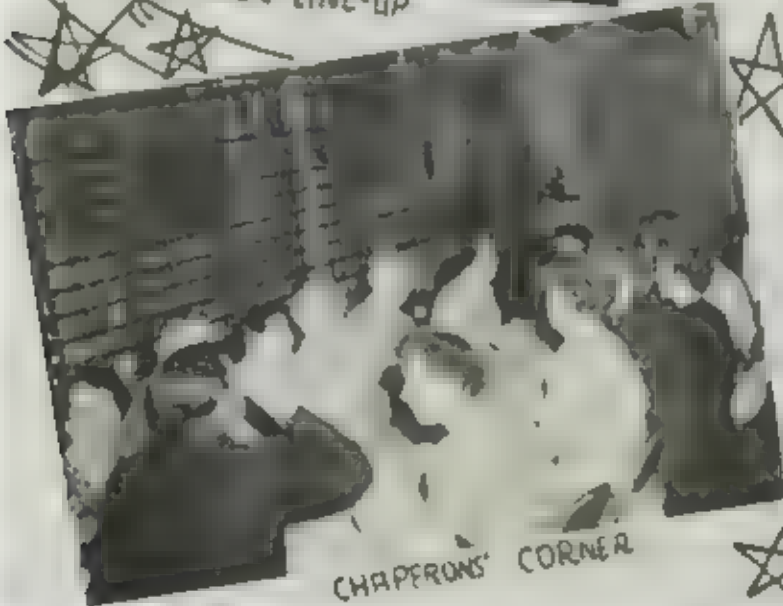
SWEET AND SLOW



MAIDS SULLIVAN, MYTH, ASE and B. ACE



GLAMOUR LINE-UP



CHAPERONS' CORNER



QUEEN GOCKEL

The six lovely candidates for Track Queen are presented by Coach Ault. They are: Pat Gross, June Haley, Gena Lea Lary, Dottie Shaw, Felda Tupper, and Pat Wingman.

May 24—Everybody, dig down in your pockets for that quarter lying there and buy your ticket for Field Night. We're going out for the eighteenth victory.

May 25—Track Queen coronation! There is the excited audience, the peering around for the first glimpse. Who is she? A blare of trumpets. Then come the five beautiful maids: Pat Gross, June Haley, Gena Lea Lary, Dot Shaw, and Pat Wingman and the lovely Felda Tupper advances to the stage to be crowned our Track Queen.

May 26—Yeah, track! Yeah, Champions! Don't forget to buy your tickets and cheer our Rough Riders to victory tonight. Oh, beautiful day. Why does it have to rain?

May 29—Memorial Day services. The stage, dimly lighted, is banked with flowers. A white light is focused on a plaque bearing the names of Roosevelt's dead whom we honor this day and on the large American flag behind that plaque.

The National Anthem, the reading of "The Blue and the Gray" by Ethel Johnson, the singing of the "Lord's Prayer", and an address by Alfred Gonzalez on the meaning of Memorial Day and how it is observed form the program.

A prayer by Mr. Hill and a moment of meditation follow. Then through the stillness, the slow sad tones of a distant bugle re echo through the building.

What! Comprehensives here again? The few beaming faces belong to those who have averages of at least 85 per cent.

June 7—Candidates for the school offices are presented today. The candidates for mayor, George Adolph, Bob Kammien, Les Medley, Charles Moore, and Don Mueller, give forth a line of talk to catch votes.

Before going back to our advisories to vote, we had a fire drill.

June 8—Council entertains itself today. For music we have the "Ink Spots" (Joe Chiecsek, Don Mueller, and Dave Heartinger) and a duet by Marian Marshall and Norma Chapman, accompanied by Louise Swain. Charlotte Busse gave a monologue entitled "Isn't Nature Wonderful!" To conclude the program, Dick Eggerding, accompanied by Marilyn Priebe, sang two selections.

June 9—"We never had it so good; two auds. in one day." The first period we salute our championship track team, and the seventh period the Seniors keep us in stitches in their Senior Aud.

Congratulations to our new Mayor, Don Mueller; to the editors of *Bacon*, Marilyn Hodge and Carl Bossert, to the Rough Rider editors, Janet Hargrove and Don Rakey; and to the chairmen of the standing committees, Dick Eggerding, Dot Shaw, Joe Chiecsek, Felda Tupper, Pat Short, George Adolph, Charlie Moore, and Bob Kammien.

June 13—Since today is Class Day, the Seniors have been parading around the halls in all their finery.

June 16—Last day of school—'nuf said!

SENIOR AUD

June 9, 1950

All graduation gifts are nice, but the nicest of graduation gifts is something given not to the seniors, but by the seniors—the Senior Aud. This semester the seniors gave us the perfect gift, a program that said good bye in an entertaining yet touching manner.

The setting of the aud was a night spot where the seniors, represented by Phil Sortir, Carole Ulrich, George Wilson, Arden Rischbieter, Harry Brown, Marlene Brehme, Francis Nickodem, Peggy Chochol, Daniel Maret, Mary Vannatta, Lloyd Chapman, Phyllis Riechers, John Morris, Charlene Dennis, Bob Malke, Joan Black, Ted Buss, Joan Dietl, Edward McKeon, and Grace Baer, were dancing. This place, bearing a well-transformed resemblance to the stage of Roosevelt High School, boasted a precariously balanced skating waiter in addition to the Music Masters, led by Dave Heartinger, and Master of Ceremonies Bob Parks.

When the celebrating seniors took their places, the fun began as Marlene Bastian, Charles Mueller, Marilyn Massot, Nadine Mueller, Helen Curran, Pat Pickett, Yvonne Justus, and Marlene Banker recalled their four years at Roosevelt with a clever parody, "Senior, Do You Remember?"

No less than the "Red Hot Mama", Bill Stevenson, came next with his accompanists, Lester Maze, George Wilson and Bob Maurer. Then Mitzi Moreland and Russell Hands showed us how to "Bake a Cake" in a song and dance number.

Prancing on next to entertain us was a chorus line. The girls who provided the high kicks were Ethel Johnson, Mary Cross, Joan McSallev, Arlayne Ziegler, Joan Thompson, Edna Petrikovitsch, Betsy Edwards, and Rosemarie Leicht.

"Is there a doctor in the house?" was the frantic cry of Earl Leadlove. Up scrambled Ray Collins to complete a comedy team that kept us all laughing with their fast-paced routine.

"Promenade" was the next order of business as Janice Reilly, Yvonne Justus, Jerry Utnage, Vera Lewedag, June Ruth, Shirley Thorpe, Charles Mueller, Francis Nickodem, John Morris, Armand Herbert, Richard Sandefur, and Bill Davidson impersonated hill billies to execute the calls of Lester Maze. Marilyn Van Nest followed with a different kind of dance.

The last number had a real Congo flavor. It took a second look at the program to realize that the leaping black savages were really none other than Arlayne Ziegler, Jean Reardon, Ethel Johnson, and Eileen Sullivan.

So the Seniors completed their gift to us, an aud that we'll long remember

CHARLOTTE BUSSE



CLEAN-UP AUD

April 25

Student Council had promised us a bang up program for Clean-Up Week, and on Tuesday the fifth period they showed us what they could do in an aud which was written by Marlene Bastian and Charlotte Busse, with the help of Nadine Mueller and Pat Muth.

We were shown the home of an untidy housewife, Mrs. Sloppup, who was ably played by Hanneliese Luettecke. When Tilly Tidyup (Nadine Mueller) arrived, Mrs. Sloppup greeted her with, "If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Cleaned the House". After Mrs. Sloppup finished her apologies Tilly recalled a television show about Clean Up Week that she had seen.

Then, with the parting of the curtains, the stage became a giant television screen, and Roosevelt High was introduced to "Baker's Backouts". Don Mueller, the energetic announcer, presented the sponsor's product, Ebb, and the master of ceremonies, Joe Chiecsek. Miss Fager's dancing class continued the laughter with a Charleston version of "Rag Mop".

People are still singing "Now Is the Hour to Take a Shower", the trademark of Jim Hindle, the nuisance with the broom. A more musical treat followed with Dick Eggerding, complete with swooners, singing "Clean Up Time".

After hearing the praises of Ebb extolled, Dave Heartinger and the Music Masters demonstrated why Roosevelt can be proud of its swing band. Next we saw a contest between the glamour girls and the clean-up girls. When the clean-up girls got their men, the logical question of "How'd they do it?" was answered by Marlene Bastian with "Soapsuds are a Girl's Best Friend". All too soon we heard the tones of Station KLEN signing off.

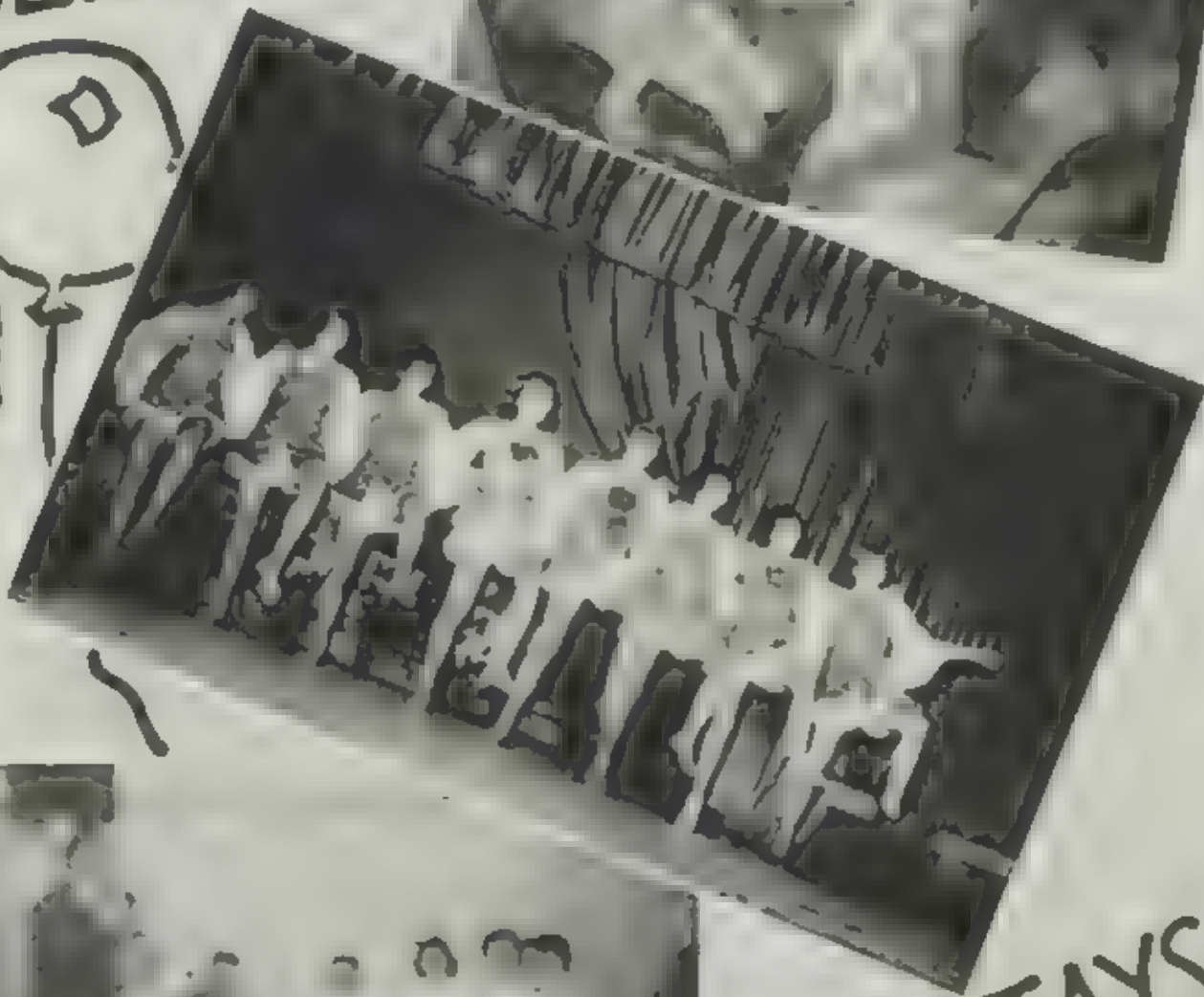
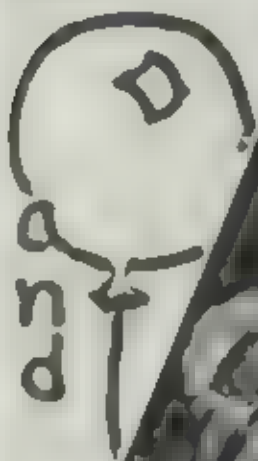
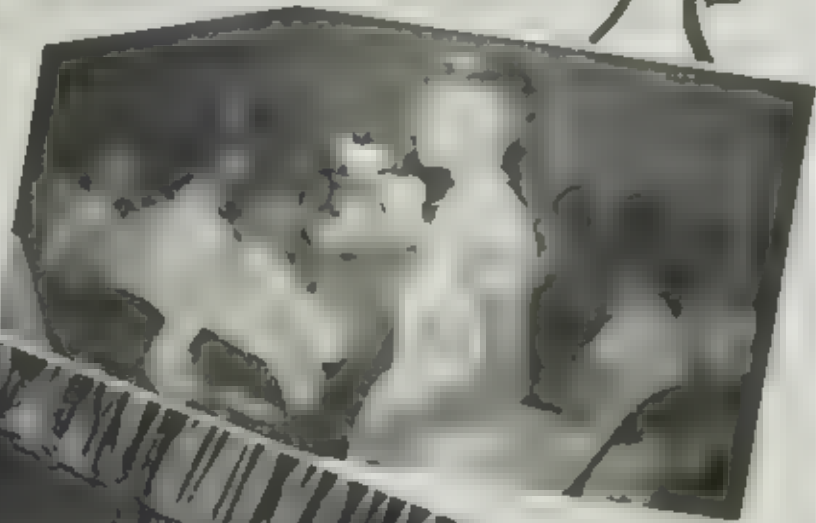
Although we laughed over "Baker's Backouts", the program impressed upon us the importance of Clean-Up Week to the community.

MARILYN HODGE
CHARLOTTE BUSSE





SENIORS



NEW-JAYS
Barb Jane Strasser

THE OPERETTA

May 19

Today a long-awaited treat came around again as the music groups, under the direction of Miss Hilb, gave the annual operetta. For weeks before, if you were still in the building long after school was finished for the day, you might hear the strains of "Oh, Rose Marie, I Love You", or "When I'm Calling You-oo-oo-o" floating out of the aud. The selection for this year, *Rose Marie*, was well chosen to provide laughter and catchy songs. The plot, set in the Canadian Northwest, has just the right mixture of romance and mystery.

The cast is as follows:

Hard-Boiled Herman	Bill Dees
Lady Jane	Jane Watts
Sergeant Malone	Roy Pfeifer
Black Eagle	James Dikin
Edward Hawley	Bob Haumesser
Emile La Flamme	Ray Collins
Wanda	Beverly Mooney
Ethel Brander	Marlene Banker
Jim Kenyon	Dick Eggerding
Rose Marie La Flamme	Marian Marshall
Dancing Saleslady	Rose Marie Leicht
French Maid	Margaret Ann Whitney
Bell Hop	Tony Schicker
Mounties: George Hennen, Elmer Derington, Jim Hindle, Wynn Church, Jack Derington, Ken Blaker, and Armand Hebert.	
Models: Lou Guenther, Donna Redmon, Pat Crego, Twanna Crego, Angelina Hagiparis, and Shirley Cook.	

ACT I

Scene 1—Lady Jane's Hotel, Fon du Lac.
Scene 2—Black Eagle's Cabin.
Scene 3—Totem Pole Lodge, Kootenay Pass.

ACT II

Scene 1—Dress Shop, Quebec.
Scene 2—Grand Ball Room, Chateau Frontenac.

Much credit goes to the dancing groups under the direction of Miss Fager. The dramatic Totem Dance in the first act was one of the highlights of the operetta.

Credit must be given to the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Humfeld, Mr. Lorenzen's stage craft group with the assistance of Mr. Biddick's woodworking class made the excellent scenery, which was designed by Don Hagemeyer. Colorful posters made by the art classes reminded us of the two performances: the student matinee and the Friday evening performance. It may have been partly due to the fact that there were no sixth and seventh period classes that almost all the students came and enjoyed the matinee.

Our thanks to those teachers who made possible the success of this operetta and the teachers and the students who worked untiringly behind the scene.

PHYLISS SHERMER
CHARLOTTE BUSSE

WILLPOWER—A MOST ELUDING ATTRIBUTE

Is it possible for me to develop some strong willpower? That is something that has puzzled me for a long, long time. The solution, however, certainly has eluded me. I have ever so many good intentions, but they never seem to result in action. It seems I can do nothing until I know I have to do it immediately to get it done. Necessity is certainly the mother of invention with me. It is practically impossible for me to write a theme until it is time to hand it in, or to read a book for a report until the day before it is due. As for studying for an exam a week or so ahead of time, that is something of which I am utterly incapable. Right now I have ironing to do, and my room looks positively frightful, but I just don't have the stamina or desire to do anything except sit here and doodle.

How can I overcome this fault? I think I have tried everything. I have made innumerable New Year's resolutions only to break them on or about January 3. I read books on how to form desirable habits, I have made time schedules charting every minute of the day for some particular thing, and I have even gone so far as to have Mother take away my allowance when I didn't do my various jobs on time. However, none of the schemes worked. No one has prevented me from discarding my own plans for self-improvement, and Mother has come to regard me as a hopeless case. She says only a miracle can instil any will power into me.

Really, it is positively imperative that I do something about this, but what will it be? I'm at my wit's end. Let me see—well, maybe this will work. Oh, where is a clean sheet of paper? Ah, now: "I, Marilyn Hodge, do hereby resolve that my procrastination shall cease without further delay, and that I shall make a supreme effort to develop my will power." Gracious, that sounds formal enough to scare me into doing things when they should be done. I'll paste one copy here on my mirror and tack another one over my desk.

Now that that problem is solved, what do I need to do now? Oh, I have to iron a blouse for school tomorrow. But what's that lying on the radio? Why, it's a new magazine I haven't seen yet. H'm m'm—it certainly looks interesting, too. I think I'll look at it before I iron my blouse. Oh, but what about my formal resolution? Well, I won't put it into effect until next Monday.

By the way, what was it that I said at the beginning? Ah, yes, will power is certainly a most elusive attribute.

MARILYN HODGE



LIFE'S EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

All of us have, no doubt, at one time or another, experienced one of "life's embarrassing moments." I will tell you about one of these dreadful moments that happened to me not so very long ago.

It happened one Friday night when I was with a group of my friends. We had been to the basketball game, and because we had won the game, everyone was gay and wanted to celebrate. We went to a neighborhood ice cream shop, which was unusually crowded that night, but we managed to squeeze into a corner.

Everything had gone fine all evening—at least up to now. We were getting ready to leave, and I was saying good-bye to one of my girl friends whom I hadn't seen in a long time. Now, this is where my troubles began. I got up from the table and stepped back. As I did so, I tried to push the chair aside. But I lost my balance, and fell backwards over the chair, and the next thing I knew I found myself ungracefully sprawled on the floor.

How embarrassed I was! I could feel my face turning ten different shades of red, but I know the last shade must have been the brightest of all, a very brilliant, crimson hue. To make matters worse, the always-noisy ice cream shop had suddenly become very silent. A great hush had settled over the entire room. The record that was playing at the time had stopped, making the place so quiet one could hear a pin drop. And there I sat in the middle of the floor, looking silly and very undignified. Anyway, I had the chair beside me for company.

As I sat on the floor with my head bowed in shame and embarrassment, thoughts raced through my mind. I wondered what kind of a girl the people in the shop thought I was—probably the type that liked to be the center of attraction. Well, I certainly did attract attention, but I have an idea it wasn't a very desirable kind.

Then I thought what the proprietor must have been thinking—that I was some rowdy girl who had come in just to ruin her business and break her chairs. I thought surely she would come over to me and, not so politely, "show me the door." That would have been too much! Oh, if only I had been small enough to crawl into a little hole somewhere!

I knew the time had come to pick myself up and try to act poised and pass the matter off lightly. But I knew every eye was focused on me, and I dreaded to look up and face them. I gathered together the pieces of what had been my courage and dignity. Every eye was turned in my direction. What a lot of eyeballs! I saw my friends staring at me with their mouths hanging open a foot. I suppose they were so astonished to think that I could have done such a stupid, clumsy thing. I think every one of them was wishing that he could have left then, so no one would know he was even associated with me.

I was wondering how to go about getting myself on my feet once again, when one of the bravest of my friends helped me up. I am sure he did it only out of pity and a sense of duty. You see, he had been a loyal Boy Scout for a number of years, and he remembered that he must do a good

deed every day. So here was his chance—to pick a very red, bewildered, and very embarrassed girl off the floor. When I was finally on my feet, I made a “bee-line” for the door, and my friends reluctantly followed.

All the way home everyone laughed over the episode except me—I laughed and cried, but I think I cried more. I vowed that I would never go in there again, and so far I have kept my promise.

I cannot tell you how I really felt, because it is impossible to put into words my feelings at such a time. Oh, well! Mistakes do happen to the best of us. But I hope you will not have to live through such an experience as this in order to understand what I mean when I speak of “life’s embarrassing moments.”

DOROTHY SHAW



ONLY ON THE SURFACE

I like to tell you what it means to be a senior. Most of you have the idea that being a senior is all fun. It's the time when you have no homework, and the only work you do is to sell elevator passes to new jays. Some of you envy a senior because he can count the days when he turns his books in for the last time. On Class Day, the girls envy the graduates all dressed up in their “best bib and tucker” and eating at the Chase.

Yes, being a senior is a lot of fun with its parties and good times. But there is a sad side to this. You always see a senior's smiles, but behind these smiles, deep inside of him is an empty feeling, something that is very hard to explain. In a few weeks these boys and girls, who have been in your classes for four years will seem to disappear after graduation night. They'll either go to a far-off college or go to work with strangers—not with old friends. Here they will make friends and have fun, but these friends and the fun will never compare with dear old Roosevelt High.

PATRICIA PICKETT

One Hundred Thirty nine

NORTH CAROLINA ALL-STATE CONCERT

On Wednesday, March 22, the North Carolina All State High School Orchestra, composed of about 100 highly talented high school musicians, played in our auditorium for us. They had practiced here on Tuesday as they had come to St. Louis to play on Friday at Kiel Auditorium for the National Music Educators' Convention. The orchestra was directed by Leroy Anderson, the composer of numbers as 'Jazz Pizzicato', 'Fiddle Faddle', and 'Sleigh Ride'.

The following program was played:

<i>March of the Meistersingers</i>	Wagner-Herfurth
<i>Fugue in G. Minor, the Lesser</i>	Bach-Demarest
<i>Love Music from Boris Goudonow.</i>	Moussorgsky-Kindler
<i>Cripple Creek</i>	Lamar Stringfield
<i>The Trumpeter's Lullaby</i>	Leroy Anderson
<i>Marche Slav</i>	Tchaiskowsky-Herfurth

The program was very much enjoyed by everyone present.



GARDENING

The early spring sun was streaming in my window and beckoned me to come outside. I felt a wonderful urge to plant a garden, and I quickly put on jeans and Dad's shirt—I was full of ambition.

I had to tell my plans to someone and I confided in Mother, expecting praise. She gave me a funny look and said, "Yes, dear."

I found spade, rake, seeds, and so forth in the basement—where Dad had left them when he abandoned his garden project last spring—and hurried out and started to dig.

Before I really had a start, the girl next door called and I told her of my plans as I leaned against the fence in the warm sunshine. It was such a warm day, I invited her into the kitchen for a glass of lemonade. I knew that would pep me up and renew the urge to make a garden.

An hour later the sun had moved to another spot in the yard, leaving my freshly dug garden in shade. I decided to take a sun bath first before the sun went down.

Time just flew and mother called, "Lunch is ready." After lunch the only urge I felt was an overpowering urge to take a nap.

I told Mother I would wait until next Saturday and really put in a full Saturday's work.

Mother said, "Yes, dear, but put the tools where Dad can find them. I'm sure he'll start a garden, too."

PHYLLIS SHERMER



Rooters



EVOLUTION

In biology I learned that "evolution" means changes occurring over a long period of time. Well, if you can call three years a long period of time, I suppose I have gone through an evolution.

When I first entered our "hallowed halls" I fairly raced from class to class because I feared that I would be late. I saw the upper termers strolling along, talking to one another. All seemed to be carrying little slips of paper, which I found were called detained slips. I wondered about them, but didn't dare ask for fear of being laughed at. So ended the first era.

In my second term I walked a little more slowly, talked to more people and began to notice the "dreamy" track stars. One day I stopped to talk to an upper termer whom I knew, and lingered a bit too long. "Don't worry", he said, "here's a detained slip." I took it, but still ran to my class because I didn't know what to do with it. (I was especially dense.)

Now I began a careful study of the thing. A piece of paper measuring three inches by five inches, initialed by someone and stamped with "Detained" on one line, and "Date", "Time" on the next. The initials probably belonged to some teacher who filled out a slip like this when she kept you after class. In the next study-hall I watched. Sure enough, in came an "upper termer" five minutes late, handed the slip to the teacher, and took a seat. This was the period of enlightenment.

The age of progress now began. If one class-room was close enough to the next, so that it would take but a few seconds to run the distance, I would sit in the first class and stare at the ceiling. This must have made the teachers angry because they would always keep me after class. I would promise to pay more attention, and ask for a detained slip, hoping it would be filled out in pencil. If it was, I would walk repentantly from the room, out of the sight of the teacher and then make a mad dash for class. By doing this I was able to build up quite a reserve of detained slips to be used in times of urgent need.

All this seems so long ago, because now I am an "upper termer" and childish things are put away. No longer do I dash from class to class, or worry as to where my next detained slip is coming from. I use my own. Now I can stroll along and talk to my friends as I so longed to do when I was but a foolish first-termers.

BARBARA JANE STRASSER

P. S. to teachers: The above facts are fictitious, and any resemblance to any real student, past, present or future is purely coincidental.—B. J. S.





One Hundred Forty Five

DOODLEBUG

People may be fundamentally lazy, but somehow they are never quite content to sit still and do nothing. There must always be some pastime to fill the crevice of passive existence, time spent waiting or listening. Among the people busy at nothing, you will find thumpers and tappers, drummers and paper-twisters, knuckle-crackers and hair twirlers, but the universal pastime is doodling. Take a person listening to a speaker, add a pencil and a scrap of paper and the result is doodling. Give the listener a definite job to accomplish with the paper and pencil, the outcome is the same—doodles.

Doodles can be divided into three general classifications, the first of which is lettering. Doodlers whose specialty is lettering can, in turn, be divided into three sub-classes, the Artist, the Egotist, and the Romantic. The Artist's interest is in the letter itself, its shading and curliques. He usually prides himself on the development of one type, such as the Gothic or the block letter. The Egotist specializes in signatures adorned by flourishes and elaborate monograms, his own, of course. The Romantic, too, is fond of initials, but if they are his own, they are always linked with those of another, and are often enclosed in a heart.

Next we have the doodle in the geometric form, including cubes and curls, spheres and spirals, and stars and pyramids. The Modern's non-objective doodles fit best in this classification, too, for unless they are to be taken literally as potato mashers and amoebas, they do not belong in the third class, the picture doodles.

Picture doodles represent, in my opinion, the highest form of the doodles. (Of course, I could be biased, since I place my doodles in this class.) Picture doodles are drawings of what the originator will inform you are people, animals, or objects. Faces rank first among this class, with faces of the creator's ideal, or that perennial favorite, the moustached woman.

Now that we are acquainted with all the forms of the doodle, we may well inquire why people doodle, why they fill page after page of what should be history notes with silly doodles, but please inquire of someone else. I only know that when the doodle bug bites you, you can't be cured. Now go away and let me finish my moustached woman.

CHARLOTTE BUSSE



MY INTRODUCTION INTO CHEMISTRY

Before I began to study chemistry I had visions of myself dressed in a clean lab, at a spotless bench, in an immaculate apron working with shining equipment. My classmates and teacher would be amazed at the dexterity with which I handled the equipment (although at the time I couldn't tell a test tube from a crucible) and the facility with which I could dash off the most difficult experiments. Naturally I would discover a new element. Oh, naturally!

I was sadly disillusioned. The smell of ancient eggs permeated the atmosphere of the lab room. The bench to which I was assigned was covered with a ghastly black substance and there were some wet spots on it. Just plain H₂O, I thought mentally, patting myself on the back for having mastered this difficult and little known formula. I was set back only a trifle by the mess on the table. "Mere externals," I cheerfully thought.

Now for the equipment! Breathlessly I unlocked and opened the locker. What was that mess in there? A heap of old black material, a few glass things with some little porcelain dishes. "I guess somebody brought his little sister's doll dishes," I murmured to my lab partner.

Then, hesitatingly I touched the rather dirty-looking black mess. This was the apron? "I won't wear that thing. The hem hits me at the ankles and it wraps around me twice. I'll just do without it. I'll be careful," I said.

"What's that over there? I'll just lean over and look. Oops! got some of the water from the desk on my skirt!

"What, Janet? No, it's just water, I'll brush it right off. Ouch! It burns! And just look at my skirt! Oh, well, I wanted a new one anyway. Hmm, I guess maybe I had better put on the apron."

After donning the apron and tying it securely behind me, I began, with my partner, to work on the experiment. In our drooping black aprons, muttering formulas as we watched the contents of a beaker bubble over the burner, I imagine that we looked like two witches from *Macbeth*.



"Double, double, toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble. Fillet of fenny snake in the cauldron boil and—Opps! There's the bell and we're not half done," I shrieked.

"Pour the mess down the sink," cried my partner suiting the action to the words.

While hoping that the contents wouldn't burn out the sink, I fumbled hurriedly for the knot in my apron. How would I ever get it untied? This string was too strong for me to break. I was beginning desperately to contemplate sawing myself out of it with a piece of broken glass, when I was rescued by a strong masculine arm. Breathlessly, locking my drawer, I rushed out into the clean healthy-smelling hall. "Doesn't that fish just smell wonderful," I gushed to my companion, and sailed off to my next class, stenography, bearing visions of myself as a clean efficient secretary, who needed to concern herself only with the chemistry of the water-cooler.

JOAN BAEPLER

THE SHOESTRING

There's an old saying about starting out in the business world on a shoestring. Now, as for me, I would want something a wee bit more substantial to start with. For I have little or no faith in that lowly mass of weak fibers known as a shoestring. It's never been a friend of mine.

It can cause more red-faced moments than any other instrument ever devised by man. It is, in fact, a modern Achilles' heel. Did you ever see one break when you're in your everyday clothes lying around the house? No, instead it breaks just as you're leaving the house. It takes no notice of the fact that you simply can't be late where you're going. Unfeelingly, it breaks.

Then comes the trying decision. Are you going to tie an emergency knot or hunt up another shoe lace? For all you know, there may not be a single shoe lace in the house. Oh, but a quickly-tied knot would look so unsightly! So, a-hunting you go, through drawers, drawers, and more drawers, until finally—Eureka!—you find one little shoestring. But, alas, when you put it on, it's too large!

Look at the size of that bow! Oh, well this is no time to quibble—don't look a gift horse in the mouth, you know. So, finally, you leave. Hey, there's your bus! You break every Olympic record sprinting for that vehicle. But that heartless, soulless shoestring can't let you go that easily. It gets between your shoe and the sidewalk and—boom! You find yourself flat on your stomach as the bus driver passes you, leaving you with a face full of carbon monoxide!

Looking like the original prototype of the Sad Sack, you pick up your aching bones, and retreat within the safety of your home, and telephone to say you're sorry but you can't come. What caused all this trouble? Why, one little shoestring. Why, you ask yourself, didn't it break in a dime store where a pair of any size and color is easily obtainable for just a nickel? Why didn't it break the day before when you were just loafing around the house? Why? Why? Why?

ALFRED GONZALEZ

MUSICAL MEMOIRS

Kiel Auditorium! How many times I have been there! These times have been usually accompanied by a violent struggle to fit both myself and my coat in one of those red velvet seats in the balcony. But after this, I have listened with rapture and fascination to the beautiful concerts presented there. A few times, however, I have been guilty of a grave sin. You see, I was once given a rather sharp order on the proper appreciation of music. "Don't you *dare* think of anything else when you listen to the work of the masters, even if you think you don't like it. After all, you poor, ignorant thing, what do you know?"

Well, this poor, ignorant thing has tried faithfully to follow the expert's advice, but it is so hard to concentrate on modern "masterpieces"! At such times, I am frequently annoyed by things which are very bothersome. For instance, can the tip of my nose itch when I am supposed to be a very quiet and refined young woman? And can this be further accompanied by tormenting thoughts which rush through my mind? "Should I scratch? NO! Now I won't let myself be diverted from that—uh—music. I will sit still and listen." But soon I weakly am conquered by mere physical discomfort as I leisurely scratch the offending protuberance amid various stares from the sidelines.

After this, I guiltily attempt another deviation from the line of thought I know I should follow. And so I try to discover a link between the hideously wailing tones and a thing which I can imagine to speed along the snail-like progress of the time. Deeply bored, I glance up to the blank wall space by the terra-cotta figure of mighty St. Louis seated upon his great war horse. There, on the wall above the stage, my now desperate mind starts on a singular adventure. In my imagination, I have painted a small, brown bumble bee, with light and gauzy yellow wings which the droning music has suggested. But look, it moves! It spins wildly, and now comes careening down upon a flower. And then, suddenly, from space there appears a second brighter even than the first. And so the two pursue each other, fluttering and zooming merrily up and down, back and forth among the legs of St. Louis' mighty war charger.

As the tempo and theme of the music changes, I vainly search for another friendly bumble bee, but alas, it has died its death with the ending of the first theme. Poor bumble bee, may you rest peacefully under your little white flower.

Guiltily again, I begin to search for another diversion, for I grudgingly remember the expert's somber advice, "Don't think of anything when listening to music." But then, how can I help it? So I might as well watch the drummer. He is a little grayish man whose shiny pate peeks forth between a few wispy hairs. But he possesses boundless energy. Gently, he strikes the kettle drums and then rolls into a roaring crescendo, stopping with the suddenness of a well trained polo pony. A speculation of the times he might not stop at the right moment consumes considerable time, but woe is me, I must still be sinful, for the dreadful music has not yet stopped.

Therefore, next my glance wanders back and forth among the various

other members of the orchestra. In the center back, I notice a handsome blond flute player, but alas, great disappointment, he is doing nothing, so I look elsewhere. My attention is soon captured by a fat little double-chinned violinist who has his instrument comfortably tucked under his copious rolls. Again I speculate, "Does his instrument never slip? With what can he hold it, when his neck is all chin?"

But now, great happiness! With a last crashing and discordant chord, the music wails to a pitiful end. I heave a very much relieved sigh and, not to make my sin too obvious, join the others in applause. My companion turns to me and remarks pointedly, "That modern ear-drum hammer was awful, wasn't it?"

"Did you think so?" I replied innocently, and chuckled to myself. I wondered if he would understand if I confessed my guilt to him. Would you?

TRAUTE FISCHL



THE MOST DIFFICULT COURSE I HAVE TAKEN

There is no doubt in my mind at all that trigonometry is the most difficult course I have taken in all my school years. I made it more difficult by not studying it enough. What dismay I felt when, at the end of the day, I found that I had homework in trig! More of those long complicated problems to work! My heart sank in view of such a burden. I usually brushed over it in order to finish as quickly as possible so I could go out that evening. There was always something to do that was more enjoyable and less tedious than trig and soon I developed a knack for finding excuses for evading my homework. Then came the next day—the sixth period—and trig class. With faint recollections of sines and tangents whirling through my mind and refusing to be organized, I sank into my seat. Things were going fine when for no justifiable reason except that she may have wished to know if I had studied, the teacher called on me. My eyes shifted uneasily from corner to corner as I tried to unravel that mass of confusion inside me. Everyone was looking at me and waiting. A heavy silence fell upon the room. I squirmed and stared blankly at the teacher as I searched my muddled mind for the answer which was very plainly not there. My embarrassment finally forced me to reply that it seemed to have slipped my mind. "And how long did you study?" she inquired. I replied that I hadn't put much time on it. Then, seeing her record my zero, a feeling of utter disgust surged through me and I resolved earnestly that no matter how difficult or confusing the next lesson was, I would study it until I knew it all. "I'll show her how smart I am!" And I did. But even so, I barely passed trig., the most difficult course I have ever taken.

KARL MILLER

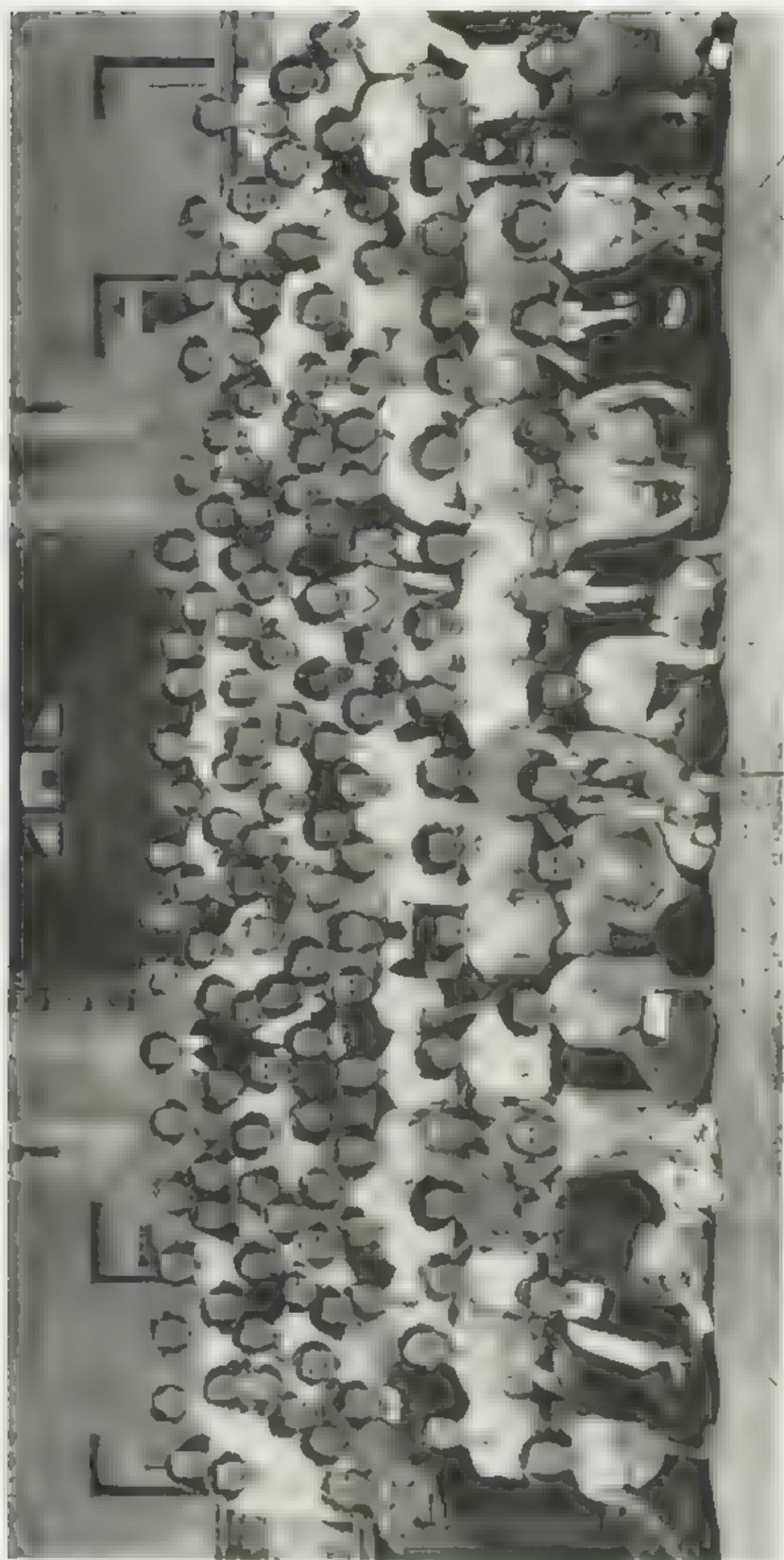
One Hundred Forty-nine

Small
at the
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W
Schwanke
H



FIRST TERM BOYS



FIRST TERM GIRLS



SECOND TERM BOYS



SECOND TERM GIRLS

LECTURES ON FREEDOM AND COURTS

This term the upper classmen have been fortunate to hear a series of lectures given by members of the St. Louis Bar Association. The subject of the series was "The Function of the Courts in the Protection of Individual Freedom".

April 24—"The Historical Origins of Individual Freedom." Mr. Forrest M. Hemker told us that the matter of individual freedom was something that had not been thought of just in the past two hundred years since the founding of this country, but it has been a burning desire in the hearts of men since the days of the Bible and that our form of government was an outgrowth of this movement. He told us of one of the steps which led to our present government—the Magna Charta which insures man of a trial by jury, finally the molding of our government by the Constitution.

May 1—"Freedom Under Law." The speaker on this subject was Mr. Albert Schoenbeck, a former Mayor of Roosevelt. Mr. Schoenbeck said that many people interpret the word "freedom" too freely, that is, they believe they can do anything they want without accounting for it. This is true in a small community where everyone is known, but when a society becomes more complex, the freedom must be limited, that is, one can do what he wants to do so long as his act does not endanger the freedom of other individuals. To preserve the rights of others it is necessary to establish laws.

May 8—"The Courts—Protectors of Freedom." Mr. Lon Hacker pointed out that the duty of the courts was not only to try those who commit an offense against society but also to prove the innocence of those accused of crimes they did not commit. Those accused of a crime are brought before a grand jury (consisting of men and women not connected with the government or the case under consideration) who decide if the evidence is enough to warrant a jury trial. If so, a trial is scheduled and a jury of non-partisan citizens is chosen. The duty of the jury is to decide from the facts given them, the fate of the defendant. The case may be appealed only if the true evidence has not been given. Then the defendant may ask for a new trial or appeal to a higher court, to protect his individual freedom.

May 15—"Freedom of Speech, Press, and Religion." Mr. Harry Gershenson said that these three freedoms are guaranteed by the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. But these freedoms have limitations. Freedom of speech and press is limited when what is said becomes slander or treason. Freedom of religion means not only the freedom to worship in our own way, but also to have no religion if we desire and not to force those without a religious belief to adopt ours by force.

Each lecture was followed by a discussion period.

PATRICIA PICKETT

SILVER JUBILEE BAND AND ORCHESTRA CONCERT

At eight o'clock on the evening of March 24, 1950, after a month's delay because of the coal strike, the Silver Jubilee Band and Orchestra Concert was held under the able direction of Mr. Charles A. Humfeld. The combination of band and orchestra was never before tried by any high school in St. Louis. The stage was beautifully arranged under the direction of Mr. Lorenzen. A special booth was set up for Dorothy Penn, who was the narrator at the combined concert and show.

THE PROGRAM

"O Morning Star"—Brass Choir	Bach
Greetings	Mr. Hill, Principal
"Arabian Nights"—Descriptive Overture	Yoder
"The Way You Look Tonight"—Symphonic Paraphrase	Kern
"Indian Love Call"—Flute Solo	Played by Beverly Taylor
"The Lost Chord"	Sullivan
"Deep Purple"	De Rose
"Hosanna"—Baritone Horn Solo	Played by Howard Cox
"Three Trees"—Recitation with Music	Dorothy Penn, Narrator
"Nickelodeon"—A motion picture featuring stars of twenty-five years ago and today entitled "The Good Old Days."	
"Drums and Bugles"—March. Introducing our Majorettes: Janet Mills, Dorothy Penn, and Norma Pentland.	
"España"—Piano Solo played by Robert Veech	Waldteufel
"Nola"—Saxophone Solo	Played by David Heartinger
"Only a Rose"	Friml
"Twelfth Street Rag"	} Accordion Solo Played by John Kuhn
"Alice Blue Gown"	
"St. Louis Blues"	
"Schnitzelbank"—A novelty featuring solo work by clarinets, cornets, strings, trombones, and tubas.	
"Alma Mater"	Student Body
Robert Veech, our talented pianist, accompanied the band, the orchestra, and the soloists.	

The motion picture, "Nickelodeon", a combination of films featuring those unforgettable stars—Al Jolson, Douglas Fairbanks, Lon Chaney, Lddie Cantor, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Rudolf Valentino, and Shirley Temple, brought forth many laughs from the audience. A safety picture followed "Nickelodeon" and showed incidents which lead to accidents. This very instructive picture had many amusing bits.

The band and orchestra, with a strong backbone of two cellos, three tubas, three baritones, one bass viol, and five slide trombones received much applause for their work in the show.

The climax of the program was the presentation of an honorary award to the most valuable player of the year, Bill Stevenson, bass drummer.

FRED CORDIA



One Hundred Fifty five

DOOMED

Alas! No fate is worse than mine, for I must bear the burden of unrecognized and unappreciated talent. Now I have a few tiny, unimportant talents with which I can work, but I am either commended or blamed for what I do, or do not do, with these. Still, I cannot convince anyone that I have a great natural ability in a certain field, and it is even harder to convince them that this field is worth-while.

My great talent is loafing! I am a born loafer, and, with practice, I dare say I could perfect the skill to unheard of heights. But no one will even let me try! Others, before me, have possessed this peculiar talent. Socrates, for instance, did nothing but sit on a curbstone and chat with his friends. People in his own day, and down through the ages, have respected him as a great thinker. Whenever I settle down comfortably to think I am disturbed with: "The dishes are waiting!" or "Is your home-work finished?" or "What, day-dreaming again? Can't you do something more constructive?"

Yes, my doom is apparent. I shall never be able to see just how well I can loaf. My one great talent will never be developed to its fullest extent. I must content myself to struggle along with my mediocre talents, trying to do something with them. No, I will never go down in history as a great thinker. In fact, I won't go down in history at all, I'll just sink lower,

and

lower,

and

lower.

BARBARA JANE STRASSER

SENIOR REFLECTIONS

The New-Jay who entered Roosevelt this term or last is probably wishing hard that he were one of those "big-wheel" Seniors that struts so proudly through the halls. I wonder if he realizes that now and then those Seniors wish that they were once more New-Jays and that they might re-live those four short years of high school. "Short!" says our New-Jay. "What do you mean, short?" My answer is, "Wait and see, wait and see."

When you're near the time of graduation, when you see your friends graduate before you, you begin to think back over the years past and see just how quickly they went by. Somehow you forget about homework, about cramming for tests, about your pet gripes against the faculty. You just remember the fun you had, the places you went, the things you did, and, most of all, the friends you made.

You'll not believe it, you one, or two, or three, but the day comes when most Seniors wish they didn't have to leave, that things could go on as before with no end. There are memories of football games and track meets, of dates and dances, of after school get-togethers at hamburger or ice cream parlors, of school and class activities, of a thousand and one wonderful facets of high school life. So, when you see a girl in cap and gown crying on graduation night, don't think she's just a sentimental sissy—you may be feeling the same way the night of graduation.

ALFRED GONZALEZ

WE LEARN TO DRIVE

There's no class like a driver-education class. Needless to say, a class in driver's training will be quite assorted. Some people say that these classes are just collections of lazy people, contending that only the pupils who want a credit with the least possible effort on their part ever belong. But this is not true. There are other perfectly valid reasons for joining. Sometimes a fellow will join just because a pretty little blonde he would like to become acquainted with has enrolled. Some have had the teacher before and, completely ignoring the fact that the subject might be hard to pass, join just because of him. Then, in rare cases, we find a person who, for some unheard of reason, would like to learn to drive!

You can imagine some of the problems that the teacher may have to contend with. Here are a few slightly exaggerated examples:

Among the types is Clutch-happy Carl. The teacher has told him that the clutch must be mastered before anything else. Carl really took that lesson to heart. He tried hard. I won't say that he jerked the car every time he started, but the car now has a new clutch.

His opposite is Gear stripping Gertie. She really is a bright girl at other things, but once she gets into a car, she personifies the masculine conception of women drivers. She simply forgets what the clutch is for! She made a lot of mistakes, but they all were based upon the misunderstanding of the fact that when the clutch is in, it's out, and when it's out, it's in. Confusing, isn't it?

Then we come to Hot-rod Harry. Harry was taught by an expert. He's taking the course for the credit. His motto is: "When confused or in doubt, step on the gas!" Why, everybody knows that a sign that says 20 M P H means that twenty miles per hour is the minimum speed limit, and that the difference between a major stop and a regular stop is that on a major stop you don't stop completely, just shift into second and roar right on! Harry learned his lesson, though. He finally admits that the teacher was right. Ask him. He'll tell you. His visiting hours at City Hospital are from six to eight o'clock.

Harry's opposite is Slow-as-a-Snail Susie. She's the one who believes that careful should be spelled with a capital C. She does everything methodically. She starts out in first at one mile per hour, goes up to five in second, then speeds up to the alarming and dangerous rate of ten miles per hour. In an open stretch with no traffic, she even ventures to fifteen, but this tends to make a nervous wreck of her. In addition, she is always worried about the police when she is going this fast, for she is quite sure that this appalling rate is far above the speed limit.

You'd never think that there might be people of high-school age who don't know their right hand from their left. I suggest that you enroll in a driver education class and become enlightened. It isn't at all shocking for Mixed-up Mary to make a beautiful right turn—just after the teacher told her to turn left.

There are other characters, like Worrier Willie, who is so busy thinking about his feet on the floor that he is completely oblivious to traffic and traffic signals; and Day-dreamer Danny who thinks more about how much

One Hundred Fifty-seven

it will impress his girl when he learns to drive than of his present instruction, and Forgetful Freddie, who blithely parks his car on a hill, turns off the ignition, gets out, walks ten steps, then remembers that he forgot to put on his emergency brake. He doesn't even have to turn around to know what happened when he hears the crash at the bottom of the hill.

When you see the newly-grayed hair on the driver-education teacher's head, don't attribute it to natural causes. Just remember that he goes through the above-mentioned events in miniature a hundred times a term.

LYLE NEEDHAM



OUR FIRST DATE

Never in all our lives will we forget our first date. It was a double date, and we don't know when we were more scared unless it was on our second date. The boys came at ten after seven, five minutes early, but luckily we were ready because we had been preparing for this historic moment since four o'clock. They were introduced to Ruth's family, who were all seated in a big circle with their hands on their laps like a jury. While we were putting on our coats, we never heard the weather discussed more thoroughly. Finally we dragged the fellows away from this interesting conversation, and proceeded to the car—er, jalopy. Arriving at the show without any accidents, we quickly found our seats and settled back to watch the hilarious story of "Margie." Most of you must have seen "Margie" and know the agony she went through when she had her various mishaps. I was laughing hard when suddenly I heard something snap. Imagine my dismay! Susan looked at me horrified, and then we heard another snap. We quickly turned around and there was a little imp, I should say child, popping his bubble gum. Any other embarrassing incidents were left to Margie to handle as best she could.

After the show we took up where Margie left off. We went to a booth to get a coke and Susan and I were so nervous that when we lifted the coke our hand shook so much that coke dribbled down the front of our dresses. As soon as we gulped the rest of our refreshment down, we drove home like "Men from Mars", trying to meet our deadline which we had already overstayed ten minutes. I was staying at Susan's all night, and as the fellows took us to the door, her dog announced our arrival. Our dates stammered good night, ran to the car and were gone in one minute flat.

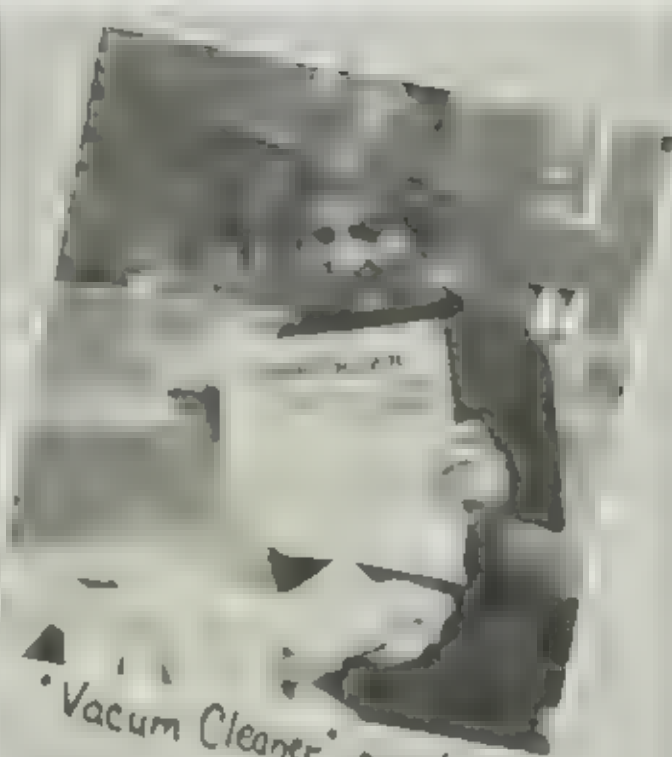
We went upstairs and collapsed on the bed after this terrifying but yet most wonderful experience. Our first date!

P. S. They asked us out again.

RUTH EDELMANN
SUSAN HACH



Trio



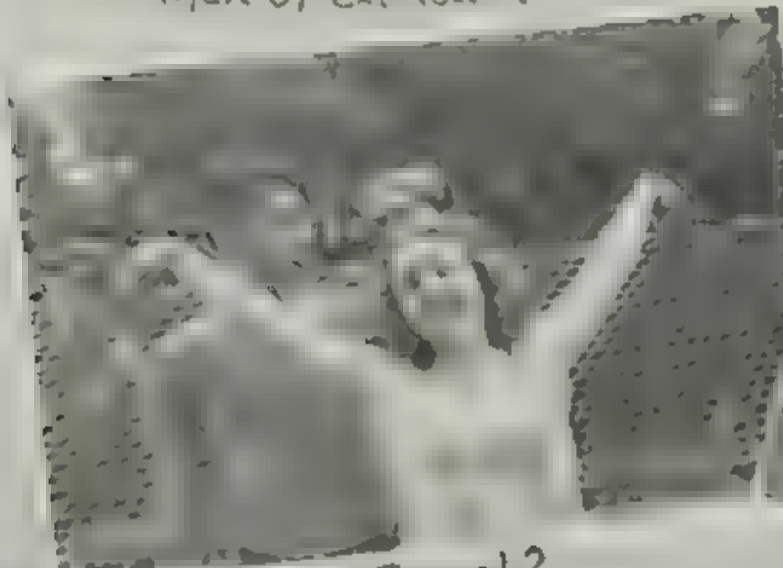
"Vacuum Cleaner" no doubt



Man of extinction



Smile Please!



Angel?



Sneaky!

PAN-AMERICAN DAY AUD SESSION

April 14, 1950

"Star-Spangled Banner"

Introduction by Mayor Joe Chiecsek

Speech Alfred Gonzalez

PAN-AMERICAN DAY

Today, April 14, is Pan-American Day. Does that mean anything to you, or is it just a name? It should mean something, for the great organization whose birth we celebrate today might well be an example to a troubled world of what nations united for their mutual benefit can do if they try. That organization is the Organization of American States, which until just two years ago was called the Pan-American Union.

The Organization of American States was founded in Washington, D. C. April 14, 1890, as a result of the efforts of our Secretary of State, James G. Blaine. It was and still is composed of most of the nations of North, Central and South America, and its purpose is to promote peace, commerce, and friendship among the member nations by an exchange of information, trade, and good will.

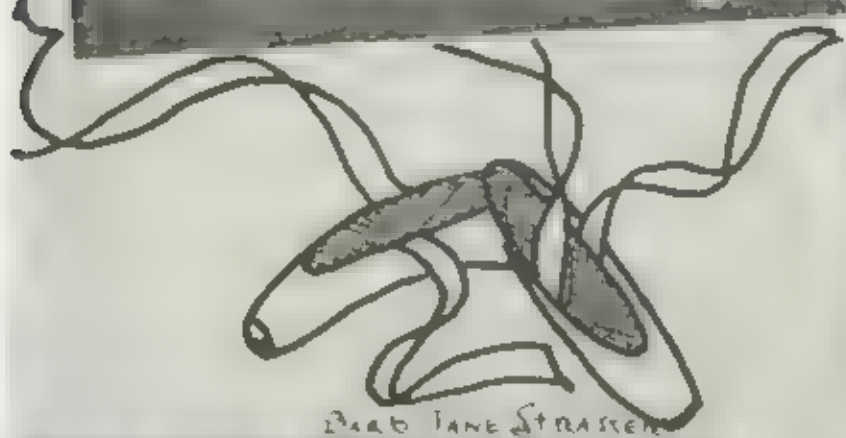
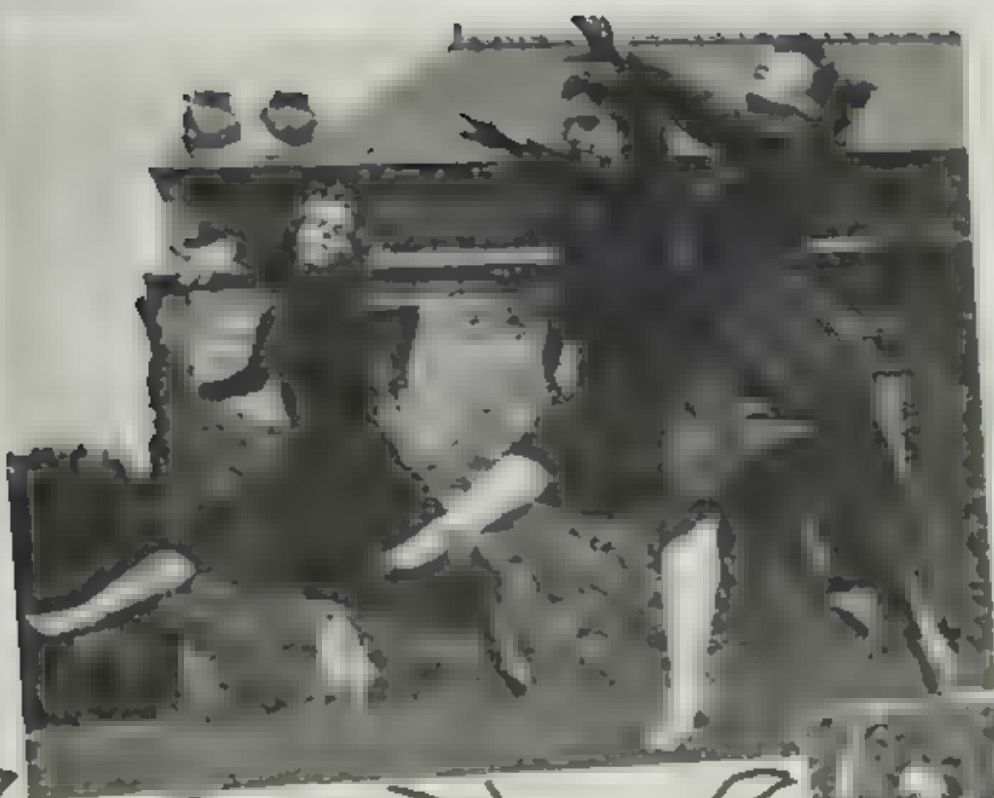
We have seen the rise and fall of the League of Nations, and we are now witnessing the difficulties of the United Nations. Yet, the Pan-American Union has for sixty years successfully maintained friendly relations between its member nations and has survived the trials and dissensions which have split and destroyed other organizations of the same type. So great was this advanced step in international relations that Andrew Carnegie gave the Union a great sum of money in 1910 for the construction of a beautiful headquarters building in Washington, D. C.

Under this united body the relations between the American republics have been improved and strengthened measurably. This has created a chain-like bond of friendship reaching from Canada to the Antarctic Sea. But unfortunately, throughout the years the weakest link in this chain has been the United States. We have not lived up to the fullest meaning of Pan-Americanism.

One of the greatest barriers to friendlier co-operation has been the difference in language, which has prevented us from truly understanding our neighbors. We expect the natives of the other Americas to learn English, which is conceded to be the most difficult language in the world, and they do. All educated people south of the border speak our language fluently and read our literature. In the schools of most of those countries pupils are required to take two years of English. And yet, we cannot trouble ourselves to learn their language. If a few more Americans would study Spanish, it would be a long step towards better Pan-American relations.

In addition, most Americans seem to think that the Mexicans and Central and South Americans can offer this great country nothing. That is quite untrue, for these people can offer a sampling of their culture, their literature, and their art, invaluable gifts in a world of growing commercialism. We

Corps & Ballet de la Roosevelt



Barb Jane Strassen



seem to think of our southern neighbors as wild barbarians, when actually a great many of them are cultured, refined, and educated.

And if you must think in terms of material things, then consider that these nations supply almost all of our tin, rubber, and coffee—products which are not found in the United States.

Our southern neighbors fear us a great deal, they consider us the great "Colossus of the North", a mighty power striving always to interfere with the free exercise of their governments. The United States must slowly allay this fear by adopting a firmer "live-and-let-live" policy.

The occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Organization of American States is a fit point at which to reaffirm our desire to make the "good-neighbor policy" a living thing instead of just some words.

EXPLANATION OF THE OFFICIAL FLAG OF THE AMERICAS

The official flag of the Organization of American States is white, symbolizing peace, and has on it three purple crosses standing for Columbus' three ships, the Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria. The cross in the middle is larger than the other two to represent Columbus himself. Behind the middle cross is the bronze sun of the Incas, commemorating all the native races of the American continents. The legend, which does not appear on the flag itself, is: "Justice, Peace, Union, and Brotherhood."

Songs by the Carol Club, Directed by Miss Hilb

Accompanist, Janice Harbison

"Poll Pedica", "Chiapanecas", and "Estrellita"

These gay, lively Spanish American songs demonstrated clearly the native cheerfulness and romance of all Latin-American people.

Poem—Arlayne Ziegler.

Arlayne gave the wonderful poem, "Americans", by German Berdiales, a forceful expression of the true unity of the American continents. In spite of our separate customs and appearances, we are "Americans all".

"A Pledge for Youth in the Americas"—Dave Heartinger.

Written by Gabriela Mistral, a well-known and beloved South American author, who urges youth to work for everlasting co-operation and harmony among the American republics in recognition of their common heritage of freedom given them by such leaders as Washington and Bolivar.

DANCES

Directed by Miss Fager

Miss Fager arranged a program of the best-known dances of Mexico and South America. She and the girls of her seventh period dance class told this story in dance:

A group of American dancers arrive by plane to see some of the dances done by their Spanish speaking friends. They see the tango, a tap dance performed by rhumba music, an acrobatic routine done by the matador and the bull, and the Mexican Hat Dance. The American dancers thank their friends by performing a modern dance for them. All the dancers then join in the friendly spirit of the conga.

ALFRED CONZALEZ

THE HOPE FOR PEACE

The United Nations Pageant, "The Hope for Peace," was presented October 26, 1950, to the students of Roosevelt, and October 27, 1950, to parents and friends as a climax for the Open House Program. This program, written and directed by Miss Olga Solfronk, was produced through the co-operation and help of Mr. Lorenzen and his stage-hands, Miss Fager and her dance groups, Miss Hilb and her choirs, Mr. Humfeld and his orchestra, and student speakers.

The pageant consisted of three acts. The first act began with the beautiful overture, "God of Our Fathers," played by the orchestra. After Mr. Stanley Hill had greeted the audience, everyone joined in the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Then Mayor Don Mueller said a prayer for the Achievement of Peace. "The Omnipotence," and "One World" sung by the A Cappella, and an imitation of an American Frontier Dance by the dance groups were the highlights of the act.

The setting of the second act at La Guardia Field depicted the arrival of the delegates from many countries on their way to San Francisco. As they descended from their plane, they greeted each other in various languages: Roumanian, Serbian, Spanish, Greek, and French. After the delegates were seated in the grandstands, dances from Greece, China, Russia, and Mexico were performed by the dance groups. The Small Ensemble and the Carol Club sang the favorite songs of the nations in Spanish, French, Greek, and English.

The second act came to a thrilling close, as dancers and singers, accompanied by the orchestra, sang the stirring song, "One World."

In the third act, the students delivered the aims and purposes of the United Nation, which are:

1. To save succeeding generations from the scourge of war.
2. To re-affirm faith in fundamental human rights.
3. To establish conditions under which justice and respect for the obligations arising from treaties can be maintained.
4. To promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom.
5. To practice tolerance and live together in peace.

Slides, containing pictures of leading statesmen were shown, as students quoted in their words, "the American policy." The program came to a close with the singing of "America the Beautiful" by the audience, accompanied by the orchestra.

This program brought a sincere message of hope for the future of the world, to those who saw it, and to those who participated in it. It made everyone realize just how important a part the United Nations is playing in the future unity and peace of the world, and how important it is for everyone of us to understand its function, and give our support and co-operation in "building One World on a firm foundation of Peace."

DIANE ABERNATHY
JUNE AXTHELM

HAWK BLUFF

As I pulled myself upward to the top of the bluff, I couldn't help but think of the many moccasin-clad feet that had climbed this rise long ago to look out over what civilized man has named the Big Piney. Far below, I could see the river as it dashed over boulders, fighting a constant battle downwards, stretching out like a giant snake that finally was lost up by the even bigger hills. The very place seemed to be filled with enchantment, and my imagination went wild with excitement. Drums beat in my ears and painted warriors danced to the steady rhythm of the tom toms. Feathered bonnets flashed in the sunlight, and soon my own feet began to move with the rhythm. In my right hand was a tomahawk; while in my left was a shield with a majestic eagle painted on it. Round and round the fire we danced, faster and faster. The blood rushed to my head and my courage seemed to mount higher and higher. Finally the chief threw down his tomahawk. There was a mad dash for the horses, and in a cloud of dust the village vanished. Swift as the wind we rode, through the hills and down to a fertile plain where coming towards us, ever so swiftly, were more painted warriors. With an impact that was echoed throughout the hills, we met head-on. Spears, arrows, knives, tomahawks, the air was full of them striking out of the dust, sweat, and confusion like an unknown power. The only thoughts that came to my mind were, 'Pull back, swing, duck, pull back, swing!' when before me an arrow hovered for a minute and plunged home to its target. The sweat, dust, men, and confusion seemed to melt away, leaving only a black emptiness. I came to with a start. The song of a bird, cut off by the shrill whistle of a hawk, as it slowly mounted the air and rose from the ledge below, were the only sounds that broke the silence. Once again I leaned back, yawned, and finished carving the words, Hawk Bluff, on the dead pine.

PAUL SUDMEYER

TIME

What is time? I'll try to define it for you. Time is something that, well—if you haven't enough time you want more, and if you have more than you know what to do with, you want less. For example, suppose you are waiting for a train; the hands of the clock go around very slowly. Then, five minutes before the train is due, you discover you are waiting at the wrong gate. So what happens? Because you have very little time, you have to rush to the other gate.

We couldn't do anything without time. We couldn't bake cakes, or paint houses, or fix flat tires. Why? Well, because we just wouldn't have any time.

Did you ever stop to think of the number of times in each day that you look at a clock to see what time it is? Let's try it just for fun. To begin with, the alarm goes off in the morning, you wake up. What is the first thing you do? Naturally, you look at the clock to see how much longer you can lie in bed. After lying in bed as long as possible, you get up. Then you wash, dress, and look at the clock again. When you finally reach school, you will be looking at the clock more in the next six hours, than you did in the past eighteen.

ROBERT HUGHES

MEMORIES OF A SENIOR

With the close of this term in January, 1951, my high school days will be just a collection of memories. It seems hardly possible that four years could have slipped by in such a short time. Some students who still have two, three, or even four years ahead of them may not agree with me that time passes rapidly, but when they have reached the heights of the senior year, they will come to this conclusion as I have done.

How well I remember myself as a little freshman, entering these halls for the first time! How I stared, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, at the long corridors and teeming throngs of upper classmen, who looked down at me with scorn, often shouting "new-jay!" I was so very confused about which side of the stairs to go up and which side to come down, that if no one happened to be on the stairs at the time the bell rang, I would just have to stand near the foot until someone started up or down. Then I very unconcernedly strolled up or down to my next class.

Aside from struggling to learn the laws of traffic in this great institution, I struggled desperately to locate X and Y in my algebra class. Also, I remember sailing along with Odysseus on his travels and fighting in the Trojan War.

I had a little trouble the first day locating my locker, which was on the ground floor in the front hall. But for some reason the front and back halls looked exactly alike to me, and after I had searched vainly for my locker in the back hall, I grew panic stricken; but my sister, then a mighty eight, rescued me, thinking I was a typical "new-jay."

At last, that first term was over and now I was an "educated two" with the privilege of yelling "new jay" at some poor lost, unsuspecting freshman.

Soon I was a three—sophomore. As a sophisticated sophomore, I thought I was really getting up in the world. I took swimming now and had lots of fun, paddling in the swimming pool. Then how I dashed up to the third floor for my next class—dripping wet, smelling of chlorine, and very much out of breath! I also studied biology and learned the art of skilfully removing the insides of a formaldehyded frog which I named "Ferdinand." I became very fond of Ferdinand and found it very difficult to remove his little shiny eyes to study his brain properly. But Ferdinand and I were forced to part after I had dissected him into many small pieces.

With my Junior year upon me, I began to feel like a very important personage. How well I remember the troubles of poor Silas Marner and the excitement and suspense of "Macbeth." As Sixes, our class organized and soon I was proudly wearing my new Sixes button and talking about all the activities of my class. It surely was exciting to be an upper-classman.

At long last I found myself beginning my Senior year! Imagine! A new senior! Where could the time have gone so rapidly? At this time I was introduced to chemistry. After a few acid burns and a few minor explosions, I became fascinated by this science of test tubes, acids, Bunsen burners, many peculiar odors, stopped-up sinks, and old, worn-out black aprons.

This term seemed to have been my lucky term, as far as thrills and honors were concerned. My first thrill came when I was elected the co-editor of

Bwana. As a result, I had a wonderful term with my finger in almost every pie of *Bwana* doings.

My other thrill came later, during the track season. This was to walk down the center aisle of the auditorium during the Track Day aud., wearing a sparkling red and white crown on my head! No one, except the other maids, can ever know the thrilling sensation and excitement of being a track maid—the suspense beforehand of learning the identity of the queen, and that never-ending walk down the aisle through the midst of hundreds of friendly but curious eyes and up the white covered steps on to the stage to take her place beside the queen!

With only one term left from those four years, I am happy and thrilled to have at last attained the might position of a full-fledged Senior. I myself am now one of those "big eights" that all the freshmen and lower term students honor, revere, respect, fear, and envy.

But one thing troubles me! Do I look like the important 'mighty senior' that I had once admired and feared?

Now as a senior I am looking forward to Class Day, senior activities, and graduation in January, at which time all of these things will become memories. Added to this excitement of being a senior is also a little sadness, as it marks the end of my high school life—the happiest four years I shall have ever lived!

DOROTHY SHAW

I HATE FLIES

I hate flies! There can be no simpler passion than that. And there can be no more abominable a thing than a fly. Flies seem to spend all their time, along with many of their insect brethren, in figuring out ways to annoy human beings and animals as well. And, of course, it is practically useless to try to stop their evil schemes. A fly, you see, is equipped with weapons far superior to our puny ones. For instance, he has the equivalent of several hundred eyes and can see in front of, above, below, and even behind himself. Under those circumstances, how can one possibly hope to kill the beastly little creatures with a newspaper or magazine? Even a fly swatter is often not quick enough to do the job.

Furthermore, a fly is equipped with a long proboscis from which he exudes a saliva-like "goo" which softens up any soluble substance such as cake icing. He then uses this same snout as a suction cup to draw in the softened material. Obviously, the fly must be popular in the germ world—a friend to every bacterium, for germs and bacteria find flies the ideal means of transportation. So great is the adaptability of flies that D. D. T. is no longer nearly so effective against them as it once was. It seems that they have developed quite a complete immunity to the poison.

Therefore, it would appear that we will have to keep on putting up with those pesky insects called flies, enduring with as much patience as possible the ordeal of seeing one settle on our food or having it buzz incessantly back and forth around the room.

ALFRED GONZALEZ

OTHER OFFICERS

SEPTEMBER '50 - JANUARY '51

EDITORS

BWANA

ROUGH RIDER



MYRLYN HODGE

CARL BOSSERT

DON RAHEY

JANET WARGROVE

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

CITIZENSHIP

ATHLETIC

PROPERTY

FINANCE



GEORGE ADOLF

JOE CHIESSEK

DIK EGGERDING

BOB KAMMIEM

PUBLICITY

PUBLIC RELATIONS

SOCIAL

INTERGROUP



CHARLIE MOORE

PAT SHORT

FELDA TUPPER

KENNY BLAKER

I SPEAK FOR DEMOCRACY

Democracy is a whole made up of parts so infinitesimal that most of the people who benefit from having a democratic form of government do not even realize what those parts are. Yet, scenes exemplifying the meaning, the spirit, and the practice of this great form of government are acted out daily in the United States, in Canada, in Great Britain, in Australia—in short, in all those countries of the world in which democracy has attained its highest development.

In America, a group of every-day workmen stand on a corner discussing politics. Some assail the President, others defend him, others remain neutral. A policeman comes up, not to arrest anyone, but to join in the discussion. In the course of it he declaims loudly the faults of the city administration that pays his salary. This . . . is democracy.

An intolerant rabble-rouser makes a speech denouncing the Negroes, the Jews, and the members of all minority groups against whom there is prejudice. For this, he is arrested, tried, and convicted by a jury. But, on appeal, a federal judge decides that the conviction is unconstitutional, because the rabble-rouser was exercising his right of free speech. What he said was a danger to democracy. But the suppression of what he said was an even greater danger. This—is democracy.

In a large city in America or England, a morning newspaper agrees whole-heartedly with the actions and ideas of a public official. An evening newspaper in the same city disagrees with him. This . . . is democracy.

Yes, these simple things are the essence, the marrow, the very pith of democracy. Democracy is, in the final analysis, more than anything else, a doctrine which holds that everyone is entitled to his own opinion, whatever that opinion may be. So strongly is this basic principle imbued in all Americans that a minor disagreement between two high school pupils over a wholly inconsequential matter may be ended with the simple statement, "Well, you're entitled to your opinion, and I'm entitled to mine." We may be very glad that such incidents as these occur every day in thousands of communities in every democratic nation.

When all factors are considered, the single most important, most inviolable principle of democracy must remain the great one stated by Voltaire when he said, "I may not agree with a word you say, but I shall defend unto death your right to say it." This remains—no—must remain the essential principle in any democratic nation because of this simple fact. Everyone wants to be free to think as he pleases, but if he supports the suppression of another's opinions, he sets a precedent which may lead to the suppression of his own; this he does not want; therefore, he will not, if the danger is made evident to him, support such suppression. Thus, democracy is essentially self-sustaining and, where it does not exist, will eventually assert itself. For a lasting form of government, for an enduring way of life, human society demands democracy.

ALFRED GONZALEZ



COUNCIL AT WORK

B.J.S.



The Head of School

BWANA CALENDAR

FALL, 1950

September 5—Shiny floors and shining faces—the first day of school is here!

September 11—Yawn. The sleepy faces you see belong to those early birds, the *Bwana* staff at their first meeting.

September 14—What's this? Convention of important personages? No, just the sevens and eights electing their officers.

September 15—"United Nations in the World Today" was the topic that Dr. Johnson discussed at today's second period auditorium session. We shall discuss the United Nations in our advisories for the next six Tuesdays.

September 19—The Sons of the American Revolution are represented today by speakers in an aud. to observe Constitution Day.

September 20—If jokes will sell tickets, our football games will be packed. Joe Chiecsek, chairman of the Athletic Committee, and Mayor Mueller boost the sale of football tickets in a short pep aud.

September 21—Those poor freshmen and sophs! Juniors and seniors go to an aud on Junior Achievement.

September 23—"Where's my cowbell?" and "Press my jeans", if it isn't the first football game of the year! The Rough Riders battle St. Louis U. High.

September 26—Council gets acquainted over cokes and home-made cookies. The Reps demonstrated their skill at musical chairs.

September 27—"Extra! Extra. Read all about it!" First edition of the Rough Rider brightens our seventh period.

September 28—Our study of the United Nations is furthered by "We the People," a very short but moving picture.

September 29—More program cards? Won't they ever end? Oh, well, it makes advisory period longer.

Whoopee! Roosevelt triumphs over C. B. C. in an exciting night game.

October 2—Attention, Sevens! Pay for *Bwana* pictures today.

Do you want to be a Rough Rider? Sure! . . . Buy that button in Room 232.

October 3—Mermaids, come to the Swimming Club meeting in Room 122.

October 4—No second period today. We have a pep aud. Yeah, somebody!

October 5—Just think, only two months, two weeks, and five days until Christmas!

October 6—Pep aud. Don't forget tomorrow! . . . Beat Central! Beat Central! We did.

Lettermen's Dance after school. Here is your chance for fifteen cents. Lettermen are available.

October 9—Another week of school. Life can be beautiful.

October 10—UN rehearsals today. Lighten young luckies get out of their third period class.

Our game with Central, rained out Saturday afternoon, is played and is our first league victory. Score 38-13.

October 11—Button, button! What about a button? Senior buttons are here; Sevens are to vote on their class buttons; Sixes are requested to submit designs on their button.

October 12—This is a big day.

We had our Fire Prevention aud. It was really interesting and really good.

Yes, the Sixes had their election today. The results are: Lee Lasater, president; Bob Hughes, vice-president; Sue Miller, secretary; Connie Rogers, treasurer; Jim McClane, sergeant-at-arms. Congratulations to all.

Extra—Come one, come all, to the Pigskin Prance, Roosevelt's annual football dance.

October 13—The cheer for tomorrow: Beat Cleveland! Beat Cleveland!

October 16—Alas and alack! This is the seventh week, which means "dearly beloved" tests.

October 17—Sevens meet in Room 202 at 3:05 p. m. Plans for a wiener roast at Jefferson Barracks are made for October 28.

October 18—We do cheer. Our Rough Riders win from Cleveland, 19-7.

October 19—More UN rehearsals.

October 20—Don't forget, girls, clean gym suits next week.

October 23—More UN rehearsals.

October 24—Freedom! . . . This is United Nations day and the Freedom bell is rung in Berlin. Our scrolls are also enshrined.

October 25—We, the student and faculty, see the "Hope for Peace". During two periods we are instructed and entertained with glimpses of the Western plains of 1850 and of La Guardia Field in 1945, with folk dances, with song, and dialogue. It is our celebrating the fifth anniversary of the United Nations.

October 26—Meeting of Seniors today in Room 203. Last-minute plans are made for their big dance, "Hick's Hop", to be given November 3. All Sixes, Sevens and Eights are invited.

October 27—Tonight is Open House and UN night. Urge your parents to come to see your teachers and the "Hope for Peace".

October 30—Today was officially designated as "Beanie Day" by the Student Council. So wear that beanie and cheer your team to victory tonight.

That game with Southwest scheduled for Friday, October 27, is played. We, promising champions, lose 20 to 0.

October 31—Trick or treat! . . . Yes, it's Hallowe'en again. Music Masters are celebrating with a dance after school.





Roosevelt High School band and students marching in Get Out the Vote Campaign to secure a favorable vote for Amendment No. 1—November 7



Mr. Katterhenry's Chemistry I Class—Field Trip to Monsanto

November 1—Today and Friday Sevens and Eights take the Kuder Preference Test. This should show in what line of work one can achieve success.

November 2—Sixes meet after school in room 202 to choose button design.

November 3—Big pep aud for Saturday's game against Beaumont. The "beanies" are out in full force. The first speech by Lieutenant Roland J. Schumacher is on safe driving, especially to and from football games. Then Mr. Fenenga, from his years of experience as coach, stirs us with a talk, "A Stout Heart," a pep talk applicable not only to football games but to life. We leave the aud really set to root our team on to victory.

All sixes, sevens, and eights are invited to the "Hick's Hop" to be held on our stage tonight. Cokes and doughnuts, square and regular dancing, and a hobo king and queen are in prospect.

November 6—Beanies are draped in black today. We're mourning the game we lost to Beaumont, Saturday, 21-7.

November 7—Half day holiday for most of us at least. At 1:30 p. m. some of us who had volunteered, leave to help boost Amendment No. 1. This is the climax of our campaign for better schools.

November 9—Second period we all shuffle to the aud for the "Junior Town Meeting" sponsored by the Star-Times and Station KXOK. Mayor Mueller and Ann Emery for the negative put up a good fight against Al Gonzalez and Charlotte Busse for the affirmative on the topic, "Should Parents Be Held Financially Responsible for the Conduct of Their Children?" Not only are the speakers enthusiastic, but so is the audience, making this the best "Town Meeting" in a long time.

November 10—The big contest for the Cross-Country boys comes today at 4:00 p. m. The State Cross-Country Meet will be held in Forest Park. Let's be out there rooting for them.

Beat—beat—beat McKinley. That's our cry. Come on, Roosevelt, you can do it tomorrow night at Public School Stadium.

November 13—Roosevelt's Cross-Country Team placed fifth in the meet Friday, climaxing a long period of intensive training.

Roosevelt beat McKinley, 19-7, Saturday night, in frigid weather. Nice going, boys!

November 15—Are you interested in a scholarship? For information about St. Louis U. scholarships, get applications in the Guidance Office. Girls interested in a scholarship to Monticello College should also apply at the Guidance Office.

November 16—Hello, there! My name is . Come one, come all to our annual "Hello Day" dance. Admission, two cents. What easier way is there to meet the one of your choice?

November 17—Tomorrow afternoon is our last football game of the season—against Soldan-Blewett. Everybody, out to cheer our team to victory.

Exhibits of national winners of the 1950 Scholastic Art Awards are on display at Stix, Baer, and Fuller from November 18 to 25. We are very fortunate to have this display, as New York is the only other city in the United States where this exhibit has been shown.

Do any of you seniors have an interesting act? Come to the Senior Aud rehearsal, next Tuesday.

Sixes' buttons will go on sale next week—thirty-five cents. Miss Rishoi or members of the class will be in Room 8 to receive your money.
November 18—The Rough Riders finish the football season in third place by defeating Soldan-Blewett 25-6.

November 21—Today an opportunity is given those who plan to go to college, to confer with the representatives of the various colleges. Parents are invited to come to talk with these representatives tonight at 7:30 p. m.

November 23—Under a blanket of snow and under blankets, Roosevelt rooters see Beaumont win from Southwest 26-0 in the Thanksgiving Day Accident Benefit Game.

November 27—Special meeting of Student Council at 8:40 this morning to get instructions for selling tickets to the second Accident Benefit Game. In this second game to be played Saturday, December 3, Beaumont will face St. Louis U. High for the so-called city championship. Let's all buy those tickets.

Have you a date for the "Backward Bounce"? It's only thirty-five cents a couple. No stags are allowed. Buy that ticket today!

November 28—At a Senior meeting after school, final plans for graduation and for the Senior Prom are announced, as well as plans for a dance the night of December 8. Afterwards, there is a rehearsal for the Senior Aud.

November 30—Basketball passes go on sale. Kenny Blaker of the Inter-group Relations Committee reports to Council about his trip with four others to see how Southwest High School did things. Seems things aren't so bad around R. H. S. after all.

Sixes' meeting after school. It is announced that they will sponsor a dance December 15.

December 1—We won! Won what? Why the first basketball game at Jennings. Yippee!

Anybody who knows the name of a Roosevelt student killed in Korea please report to Miss Braun.

December 4—"A Case for Safe Driving." No, no Ellery Queen mystery but an instructive book just added to our ever-increasing library.

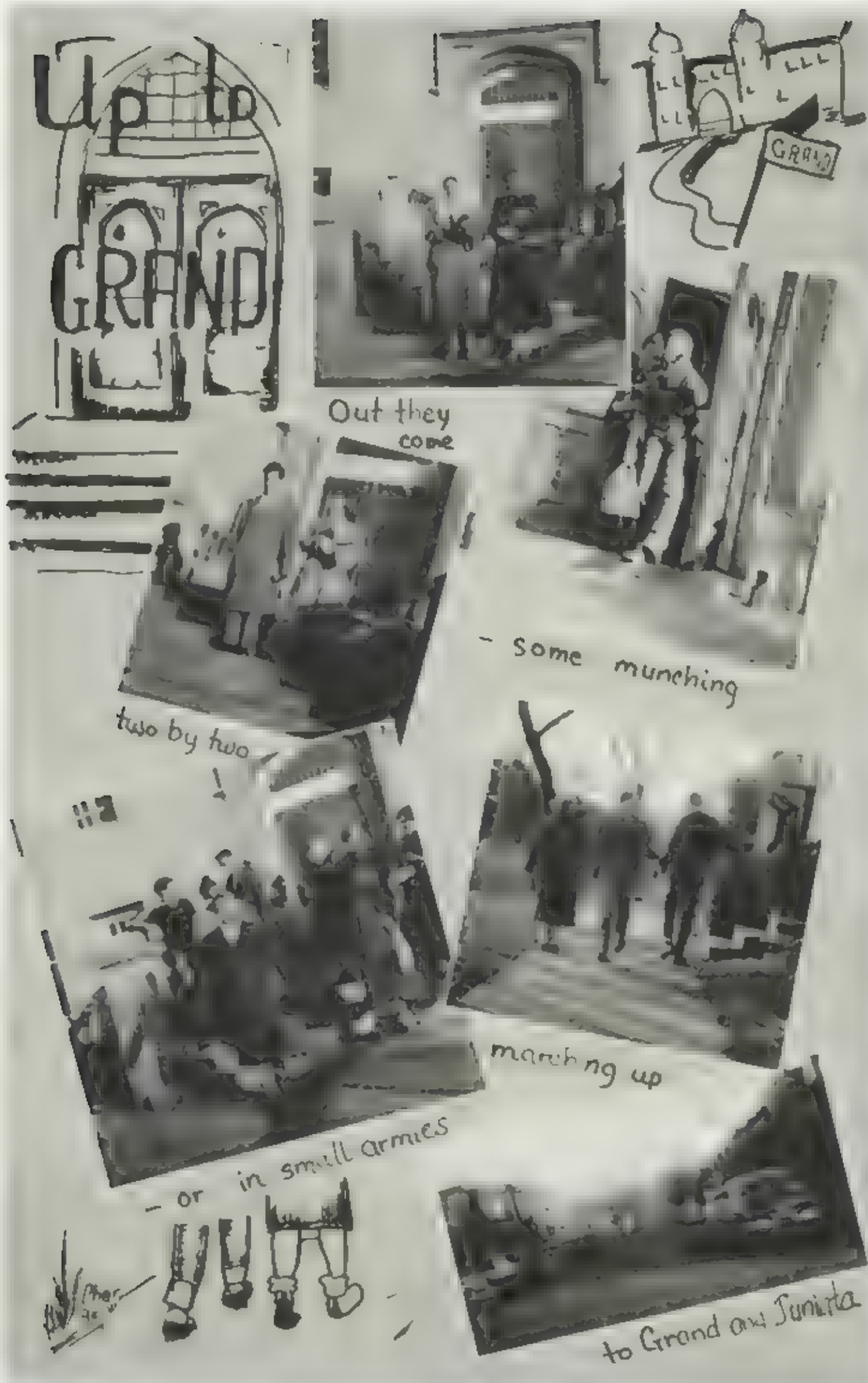
December 5—Seeniors! We need acts for our Senior Aud. Get up an act and put it on after the senior meeting today.

December 6—"Tap it off the center, dribble it down the floor——" Yes, we have a Basketball Aud the fifth period. We can't talk; we yell so much.

December 7—Dig down deep and buy a Health Pin. Only ten cents for a good cause.

December 8—Seniors! Ah! Oh, no! More money wanted. Pay for your announcements and calling cards in 317.

Scholarship and service pins are awarded today in an unusual Citizenship Aud. The program, planned to show that those who receive these awards are really fun-loving pupils, is a scene at a Student Council



dance Dot Sauerburger and Rose Ann Hoefner do a comedy dance. Bob Veech plays the piano, and the participants dance to the music of the Music Masters. Those receiving Scholarship Pins are Flora Glenn, Shirley Guckes, Rose Ann Hoefner, Joan Schaan, Jacqueline Swenson, Robert Veech, and Alice Vogel. Those receiving service pins are Charlotte Busse, Rosemarie Dey, Donald Erdbruegger, Traute Fischl, Eugene Florida, Al Gonzalez, Susan Hach, Janet Hargrove, Marilyn Hodge, Robert Meyer, Charles Moore, Margaret Rheine, James Sachse, Dorothy Sauerburger, Pat Stephens, and Molly Wickman. The trophy for the most valuable musician in instrumental music is given to Robert Veech for the spring semester and to James Wasem for the fall semester of 1950-1951.

December 11—For once the birds aren't disturbed by the *Bwana* Staff this morning. No meeting.

December 12—Oh, hum! Another Senior Meeting. They're flying thick and fast.

December 13—Oops! Did you just get splashed? That was another one of our "mer-men" kicking to victory against Cleveland.

December 15—The New Jays had vocational films in 109 this morning.

December 21—Everybody has been on their good behavior lately. I wonder why. Couldn't be that Christmas is around the week-end?

December 22—Merry Christmas! Yes, and to all a goodbye until January 2.

January 2—School. Need we say more?

January 3—Just three more weeks until we say goodbye to our highly-esteemed Seniors.

January 5—Everybody out for the game against Cleveland at the St. Louis U. Gym.

January 8—Beginning of our C. W. R.'s. Ugh!

January 12—Everybody's talking about nothing but the Senior Prom tonight. The girls all have their hair put up.

January 15—The swimming team puts on its water wings tonight. This time it's against Central.

January 19—Seniors! Who else! Blow the dust off your books and take all the notes out. We turn our books in today.

January 22—Don't anybody eat any breakfast today. We have our Senior Luncheon today.

January 23—At last that happy but sad day. We graduate!

January 26—No more seniors. And another term is gone.

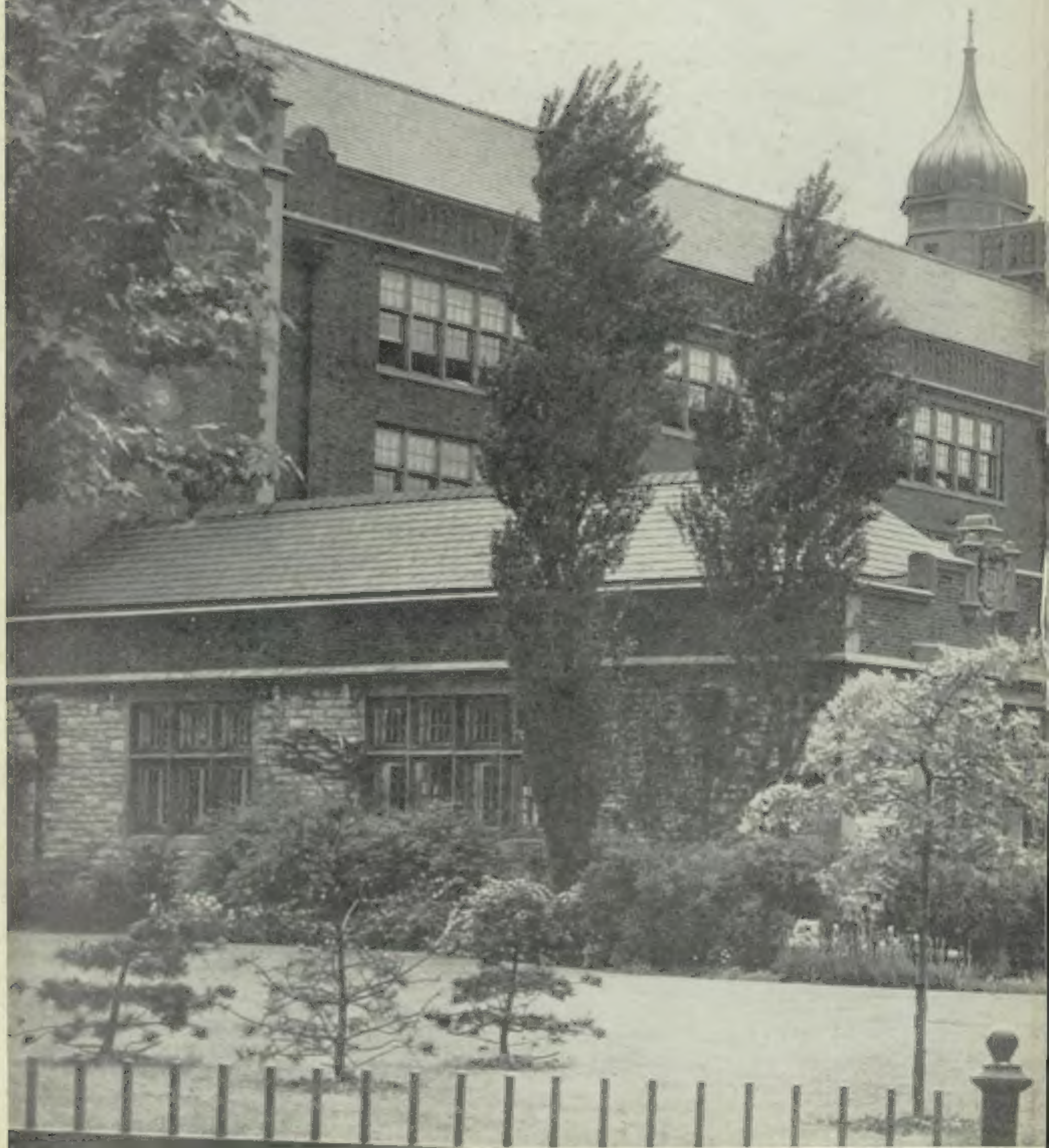


Dear Polly,

I am sorry that you didn't stay in school
cause we all miss you, and you are missing
all of the fun. Don't forget us, even though
you are working. Remember all the fun
we had at the Society dances, and at
work Christmas, & New years. I wish some
time you can come and visit school,
or at least come for graduation. (x)
School has changed since you
graduated. School has changed since you
quit cause we have to take Gym 5 times
a week & have to take Home Nursing.
Also don't forget the fun we had skipping
school and going down town. Remember the
time that man followed us & we thought
he was a student officer, and remember
the dates we used to have, & the
fun we had with Jerry & the fellows from
H. & L. Well don't forget us, and don't get
married soon like Ed boy.

Love
Rosie

Sorry you couldn't
fresh school.
Lots of such
Robert Bay



Wolly,
May you have
the best of luck always
& be all ways
your pal,
Mary
(the President)

Best of luck
and Happiness to
a cute little gal
who didn't finish
school. We sure
miss you.
Love, Halbert
Peggy Halbert

Best Wishes
To The Working Girl
Eluvia



